

*Amusement
News*

LIFE

*Personalities
Sport*

15 Cents

August 23 1928



ELDON
KELLEY.



A Color for Every Mood

"Take a letter to Dugan & Minsk, Miss Connelly, and use the red typewriter. I'm mad at them."



May we send you 2 new helpful books?

There is hardly a question about how to make a bathroom more beautiful and more convenient that is not answered in *New Ideas for Bathrooms*. It is all that its name suggests. In beautiful color-printing, it presents page after page of fresh and agreeable arrangements of the newer fixtures . . . novel ideas . . . color schemes . . . blue prints of floor plans . . . wall elevations . . . plumbing hints that may save space and money . . . inspiring suggestions, every one of

You need these two books if you are building or planning to build. Together they contain more than 100 pages of suggestion and illustration; baths designed by well-known architects, color schemes by able interior decorators, actual photographs of the newest fixtures and accessories. A wealth of information in handy form. If the books will help you, we will gladly send them. The coupon is for your convenience.

which is as practical as a door-knob.

The companion volume is *Homes of Comfort*. In the newly revised edition, it is a handy illustrated catalogue of Crane fixtures, valves, and fittings, for kitchen, laundry, and bath.

Merely fill out and mail the coupon below. Both books will be sent to you promptly, without obligation.

CRANE CO., 836 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me without obligation the two books: *New Ideas for Bathrooms* and *Homes of Comfort*, which you offered in Life of August 23.

Name

Address

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EVERYTHING FOR ANY PLUMBING INSTALLATION ANYWHERE

Crane Co., General Offices, 836 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago
Branches and sales offices in one hundred and sixty-six cities

RHYMED REVIEWS

The Virgin Queene

By Harford Powel, Jr. Little, Brown & Co.

THAT peerless adman, Barnham Dunn,
Was sick of trumpet, drum and ban-
ner;

In quest of peace and quiet fun
He bought a fine old English manor.

Its ancient walls had once been known
To Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare
When deer were chased and hawks were
flown
And knights in armor couched and
brake spear.

On Shakespeare's Chair at haunted Keene,
With mystic aid from Will and Lizzie,
He wrote a play, "The Virgin Queene,"
That left him breathless, awed and
dizzy.

Yet after Dunn had typed this play
He would not have it staged or printed.
"You *think* you won't," said Major Gray;
"I'll force your hand!" he more than
hinted.

On parchments old with crafty pen
The play was copied, then 'twas
planted;
Some experts dug it up again,
And how the scholars raved and
ranted!

"A masterwork in Shakespeare's hand!"
The critics cried with one volition.
Though Barnham tried, to beat the band,
He couldn't stop the imposition.

The Barrymores have played the thing,
The lowbrows cheer, the highbrows
quote it;
Its sales have made the welkin ring,
And Dunn can't tell the world, "I
wrote it!"

Which serves the fellow right; for still
He scribbles rot and lives in clover
While Queen Elizabeth and Will
Are chuckling, "Well, we put *that*
over!"

Arthur Guiterman.

PERMANENT

FIRST MODEL: What's the matter with
Jean? Rheumatism?

SECOND MODEL: No, she's been posing
for the fellow who designs figures for
radiator caps.

An aged blackface minstrel claims
to be the originator of the "That was no
lady; that was my wife" joke. We didn't
know they had blackface minstrels until
about a century ago.



No car should hand you the
indignities of blanket
tossing!

No car *will* when you control the
springs with Houdaille Hydraulic
Double-Acting Shock Absorbers.

The engineers of Lincoln, Ford, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan,
Nash Advanced Six, Stearns-Knight, Cunningham, made
Houdailles standard equipment. Their decision was based on
performance. *Double-Acting* Houdailles control spring action
in both directions, up and down. Their steel arm makes them
absorb those original axle smashing bumps as well as check
recoil.

Houdailles are made in three sizes for light, medium and
heavy cars, and are adjustable to your individual car.

Take this as your personal invitation to drive around
to Houdaille Headquarters and try a set on your
own car for thirty days. You'll be surprised!*

HOUDAILLE
Hydraulic Double-Acting
SHOCK ABSORBERS



*This Coupon

..... will bring you
a mighty readable story,
"What I Didn't Know
about Shock Absorb-
ers," written by a world-
famous author.

HOUDE ENGINEERING CORP., Dept. L-8
537 E. Delaware Ave., Buffalo, New York

Please mail me the Article, "What I Didn't Know about Shock Absorbers," and
tell me where I can get a set for my

Name

Street

City

Beware of Spiders



BACK of a partition where passers-by cannot see him, the loan shark spins his web—and waits. In his show-windows he displays generous-sounding proposals. He says, "We will trust you when nobody else will—if you have a job." He sends smoothly-worded circulars and letters marked "Personal," telling how he has been able to assist "your friends", and how he will gladly do as much for you—and no outsider will be the wiser.

Sometimes he boldly tells his story on posters and handbills—"Money for salaried men. No mortgages—no indorsement—no collateral—no questions asked. We let you have money at the time you apply for it." He pledges strict secrecy and low rates of interest. He describes himself as "the wage-earner's only friend in time of need"—spider-webs to catch the unwary.

Perhaps you have never known a desperate need for an immediate loan. But the loan shark knows that the world is full of unfortunate men and women who will promise to pay almost any price in the future for a little cash in hand *now*.

Driven by extravagance or unexpected misfortune, the needy one, when caught, pays a truly terrible price.

The loan shark knows that many of his victims will be unable to pay on the appointed date. He, therefore, extends the time but increases the amount of the loan.

Month by month it grows till it crushes. The loan shark's favorite lash on the unhappy victim is "Pay—pay more—or I will expose you. Pay or I will make you lose your job." Sadly enough, sometimes his threat is carried out and the job is lost.

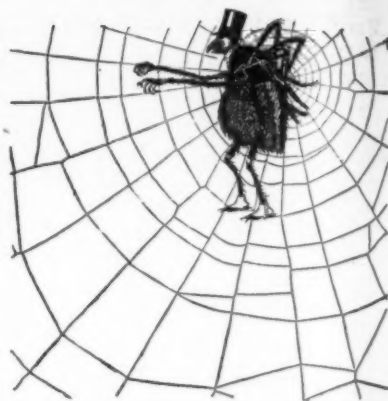
Imagine a frightened employee paying \$2.00 a week "interest" on a \$10.00 loan for three years—156 weeks—and still "owing" the original \$10.00 although he had paid \$312.00. The man who paid this lived in the capital of a great State.

A man who made \$60 a month borrowed \$75 from a loan shark. For a period of three years, he paid each month \$21.85 interest—more than one-third of his wages—without reducing the principal debt.

Fortunate is the man who has honest employment which pays him a better wage than he needs for actual necessities. Out of his surplus, week by week, he can make himself safe. The man past middle age who has never saved a cent can hope perhaps for but little more than continuing health and steady employment, but younger men and women can and should plan complete financial independence for themselves in their later years of life.

If you must borrow, make sure the lender is licensed and supervised by the State.

A booklet prepared by the Metropolitan will be of assistance in showing how to save, and thereby avoid the loan shark's web. It will be sent free and without



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obligation on your part. Address Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, Number One Madison Avenue, New York City and ask for Booklet No. 98 F.

Haley Fiske, President.

Many millions of dollars are loaned annually by loan sharks. These millions in loans cost borrowers as much more in interest, together with untold mental distress.

Prosecution, though helpful, is not a permanent remedy for the loan shark evil. People still need money and will make any promise for the future in return for present relief. Legitimate remedial and business institutions are therefore necessary. Most States permit the chartering of limited-dividend, semi-philanthropic remedial loan societies.

The Uniform Small Loan Law drafted by the Russell Sage Foundation is in use in twenty-three States and has done much to better commercial money lending conditions in those States.

This Foundation has also assisted in the development of credit unions which are mutual loan and thrift associations. The credit union collects the savings of its membership and re-loans these savings to finance the individual needs of the same group.

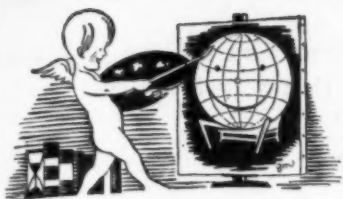
The Department of Remedial Loans offers its assistance in organizing credit unions and remedial loan associations or in advising loan shark victims. Address, Russell Sage Foundation, 130 East 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.



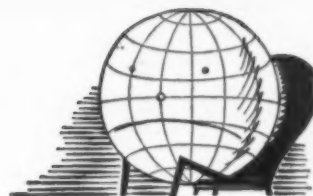
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Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



LIFE



PLAIN TRUTHS FROM OUR CANDIDATE

*"I Am the Only Candidate That Has Looked a Mule
in the Face (or Otherwise)"*

by

WILL ROGERS

Now that the Notification Ceremonies is over, with no refusals, we can just sit down and figure out "What was it all about anyhow?"

The object of these Notification Ceremonies was to tell Hoover and Smith what the Deligates did at Kansas City and Houston.

And what *did* the Deligates do at Kansas City and Houston?

In the first place what did they go to either place for? They didn't go there to nominate a Presidential Candidate, That had been done months ahead.

They didn't go clear there to nominate a Vice-Presidential Candidate, That's not enough interest to get that many badges together.

They went just simply to carry on the old "Bunk" and "Applesauce," They had been doing it for years and they had to keep on doing it.

Any half-wit knew that Hoover would be the nominee, That is if they could ever get Coolidge to speak English long enough to say what he was talking about.

Now who in the Lord's name could the Democrats have named but Smith? Each nomination was a foregone conclusion, There was no more real life or pep to either convention than to a Rotary Luncheon.

They made a couple of things called platforms, supposed to be strong enough for millions of people to stand on.

There is no more difference in the two platforms than there is in two Musical shows, How could there be? They are both catering to the same voters.

Both of them want the Wet and Dry vote both, So both of them used the same reversible Dry-Wet Plank.

They both want the Farmer's vote, So what can they do but promise him in payment for it that they will do something for him? The only thing about the bar-

gain is that the Farmer has got to help them first.

Why don't one of them say, if they are really on the level, "Mr. Farmer, we want your vote, but we don't want it till we can show you that we have done something for you." In other words, Don't ask for pay for something till you deliver the goods.

Help the farmer first, then he will know which side helped him, But quit trying to kid him into paying in advance for something he don't know if he will ever get or not.

Now Al has got on a pair of bib overalls and a straw sticking in his mouth instead of a cigar, and he is out for the farmer vote.

Now what does Tammany Hall know about a farmer?

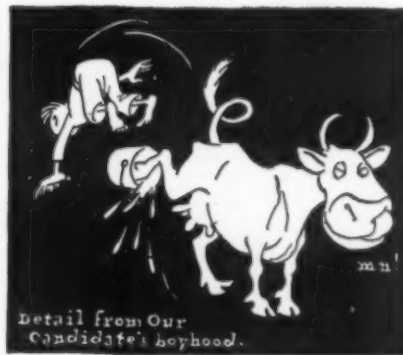
What does Tammany Hall care about a farmer?

How is Smith going to get the farmer's vote all over the country when he never received a single vote of a Farmer in his own state in all the years he has been running?

What made him so suddenly understand the Farmer's problem? New York has had Farmers (or things that pass as

farmers) for generations, Yet the only relief they ever had at the hands of their State Government has been high taxes on land that don't raise enough to be really classified as a farm.

So what is Al Smith going to do for the whole pack of Farmers that he hasn't even



been able to do for the ones in his own State?

Same way with Hoover.

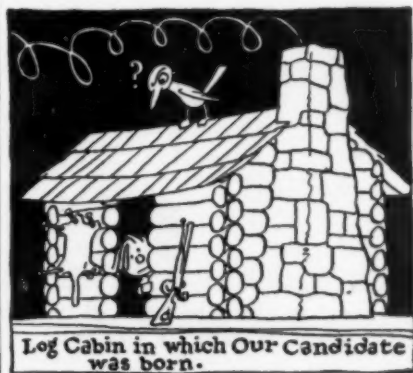
A Farmer never interested Hoover any more than I would interest a Harvard Professor, until it was suddenly discovered that he had been nominated and that the Farmer voted.

Now Herbert is telling what he will do for the Farmer.

Hoover can draw up some Blue Prints and have the Farmer's land surveyed and have him incorporated and sell stock in his farm like the big Corporations do that are able to hire Engineers,

Hoover will put efficiency charts in the hen-houses so each hen can read her Egg Quota for the day, He'll set up time clocks for the cows to punch.

But will the cows and chickens co-operate with this scheme? Well, I've met up with a few cows and chickens myself



and I never saw one yet that understood the Ethics of Big Business.

So how is either one of them going to do anything for the Farmer?

Al can hand the farmer a couple of Subway tickets, and Hoover slip him a Blue Print, and that's all either one can really deliver to the farmer.

I am the only Candidate that is running on either side that has ever looked a Mule in the face (or otherwise) down a corn row.

I didn't learn the farmers' problem after I was nominated, I paid taxes on a farm since I was eighteen years old, and almost had to be an Engineer and a Tammany Hall Politician both, to get enough to pay the taxes.

I know what the farmer needs, But I can't give it to him,

But I am going to tell him before election that I can't give it to him—and not afterwards.

A vote for me means you will be dis-

appointed earlier than you will if you vote for either of the other two recent farmers.

I can tell you in a few words what the Farmer needs,

HE NEEDS A PUNCH IN THE JAW IF HE BELIEVES THAT EITHER ONE OF THE PARTIES CARES A DAM ABOUT HIM AFTER ELECTION!

That's all the Farmer needs, and that's all he'll get.

Anti-Bunk Bulletin

Two weeks have elapsed since Our Candidate challenged Herbert Hoover, "to joint debate—in any joint you name."

A week has passed since a similar challenge was issued to Al Smith.

Up to the moment of going to press, no answer has been received from either party.

What's the matter with these fellows? Don't they open their mail, or are they

just plain yellow? It is true that Mr. Smith has just knocked a chip off the shoulder of Dr. John Roach Straton, and is planning to go into a debate with the Man Who Saved Manhattan on the latter's own home grounds, but that is merely dodging the issue.

Dr. John Roach Straton is nothing more than a set-up for Al Smith, and a contest between these two would be no more than a repetition of the Tunney-Heeney fight, otherwise known as the Battle of the Bridegrooms.

Will Rogers is the only legitimate contender for the Championship. Al Smith knows that and so does Herbert Hoover, and neither one of them is any too anxious to stand toe-to-toe with Our Candidate and swap punches.

If you want to join the hordes of dissatisfied voters who are following the leader of the Anti-Bunk Party, send in your name to Rogers Campaign Headquarters, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.



THE GALLERY GUARD: Imagine them boobs looking at all this dumb art when there's a hot nude picture in the next room.



"If that guy David gave two hundred pounds to Goliath—th' fight was in th' bag!"

She Hadn't Any Illusions

SHE: Don't you think this going without stockings is a *foul* idea?

HE: Well, I think it all depends on what sort of legs a girl has.

SHE: I s'pose it *does, doesn't* it? But I mean I think awfully few girls can get away with it because their legs look kind of *blue* and *repellent* sort of, do you know what I mean?

HE: Yes, exactly. It *is* rather unattractive when they're that way, but I think a lot of girls get away with it all right because they have pretty legs.

SHE: Do you *really*! But don't you *honestly* think that on the *whole* it's a terribly repulsive idea? I mean of course it's perfectly all right for girls to do it who

can get away with it and all, I mean, but I think awfully few girls really *can*, don't you?

HE: Yes, I guess that's true.

SHE: Well, that's why I simply refuse to go without stockings because I mean I haven't any illusions about my legs and I think it's your own fault if you don't recognize your limitations and go ahead trying to take up every new fad like that when you can't get away with it, do you know what I mean?

HE: What makes you think you couldn't get away with going without stockings?

SHE: What on earth makes you think I *could*, my dear?

HE: Well, you've certainly got beautiful legs!

SHE: Don't be *ridic*—I haven't at *all*, my dear! I mean my legs look like nothing human!

HE: They don't at all. I think you've got the best-looking legs of any girl I've seen.

SHE: But I actually wouldn't dare appear without stockings, my dear, because I think you simply have to be the type that can get away with sort of radical ideas like that, my dear—I mean I *actually do*!

HE: Well, you certainly are the type if I ever saw it.

SHE: Oh, go on—I'm not at *all*, my dear—but it's *awfully* sweet of you to say so!

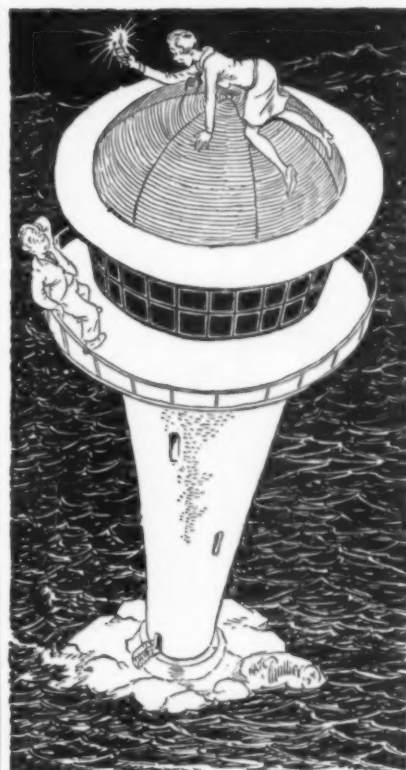
Lloyd Mayer.

SLOWING DOWN

TRAFFIC COP: Say you! What in the hell do you think you are, driving at the rate of sixty miles an hour?

MOTORIST: It's like this, Officer. I was hurrying to get a couple of tickets to the Police Beach Party before they were sold out.

TRAFFIC COP: I've just got two tickets left, sir. Here you are, sir. That's right, two dollars, sir. Lovely weather we're having, sir.



"It's all right, dear. I'll sit up here with my cigarette lighter till you get the light fixed."

A LADY IN CONFERENCE Suddenly Bethinks Herself of the "Ultimate Consumer"

THE LAKE is very blue today,
But I must turn my thoughts away
From views outside that window—I
Must concentrate on reasons why
This soap appeals to folks like you,
Because that's what I'm paid to do.

Tracy.

AFTER listening to sundry baritone tones in locker rooms, we have concluded that it is better to forget all of an old song than half of it.



"Ho, hum—nothing in the paper today."



THE DIRECTOR WHO FORGOT HE WAS MAKING A "TALKIE"

The Woman's Club of Camphor, Ill., Tunes in on the Infinite

Mrs. Pearl Pott Prout Introduces Swami Bahoo to a Little Circle of Earnest Seekers.

"LAYDIZZ awv thee Woomunz Clllubb! Sissstuzz in seeceeking afftuh thee parr-fect ooway! I cumm tew yew thiss afftuh-newn az thee joey-fool herruld awv wun hooz head iz ubbuv thee culloudz, ubbuv thee dussst anduh gurrime awv owuh munn-dane ssfeee-ugh! Hizz feet may resstt upawn owuh hum-bull pavementss, hizz nosssstrillz may inn-hay-ull thee uffending owe-duzz awv owuh teeeceeceming sivvy-lie-zay-shun, butt hizz eyes.....are ummung thee starzz! Hizz eee-yuzz eck-sstend ssenssy-tivvleh tawd thee inn-fenny-tessy-mull whisspuzz frawm thee Gurrate Syc-luntss, frawm out thee Inn-fennit, thee Awl-Inn-Wunn, thee Evv-urry-whah! Anduh, whutt duzz hee heeeceer? Ssssoundz tew delly-cate faw owuh munn-dane eee-yuzz tew ass-immy-late! Thee sawngz awv thee plannitts inn their caw-sezz! Thee voy-ssssssss awv thee yoonie-varse! Thee tune awv thee Inn-fennit! Awv cawss, huwwen I speecee awv eee-yuzz, I meeen speary-chull, nott fizzy-cull, eee-yuzz. Anduh sso tew weeuth eyes—hizz fizzy-cull eyes may resstt upawn a currowd awv peecupl surr-jing home-wudd frawm their daileh toe-ill, or purr-haps a fie-yah enn-junn anssurring ann ullahm awv fie-yah—butt duzz hizz speary-chull eye seee thee oddy-nurry seeeeenz? NO! Hizz speary-chull eye iz penny-trayting thee ay-

peckssss awv thee hevvunz! Hizz speary-chull eye iz boring intew thee missssturriz, seeceeking thee keeeceee tew thee Life Fawce! Onleh thee other day, sso hee tellz mee, huwwile walking ubbout thee uppart-ment awv a diss-eye-pull, deerp inn meddy-tay-shun weeuth her uppawn ob-skewer subb-jex, hee bumpt intew an open daw, bringing on a painful diss-culler-ay-shun awv thee fizzy-cull eye frawm hoowitch hee sstill



"Vera, you must stand right here and tell me everything you saw!"

ssuffuzz. All thoze hoo open clozed doe-uzz, hoo peeer behind thee curtain, hoo follow thingz tew their sauce, expoze themselves tew thee dane-juzz. Butt thee Swommeh himself assures mee that thee ree-waud was fah, fah gurrater than thee pain awv hizz brewzd eye!... Anduh so it iz weeuth uss, Sissstuzz upawn thee Huwweel awv Life! Wee must escape frawm owuh boddizz, anduh float like thissull-down uppawn thee wings awv thee Cozz-mick Gale! Wee musst shed thee crissy-liss, wee musst bulloom fawth, wee musst dizzolve intew thee Gurrayter Conshushness — I mean Consussnesh — Lett uss curreep within thee proe-tecting orra awv thee awl-umbracing Wun-ness awv thee Non-dimm-enshunnul!... Anduh now, I, az a hum-bull peeyoo-pill, will give way tew thee Marssturr! I will ssssit anduh abssssor!... I have thee honor tew pree-zent tew yoo thiss afftuh-newn wun tew hoom thee hiddun poe-tenshy-allateez awv Life are az an oe-punn boooook, thee missssturrizz az tranz-pay-runt az a poooool awv cleeeeee-yah wotta....

...Swommeh Bah-hooooo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"
(The Swami gracefully swallows his chew of Piper Heidsieck and advances to the center of the platform.)

Heman Fay, Jr.

Progress of Prohibition Enforcement

FEDERAL agents spend \$75,000.00 for "evidence," and Texas Guinan puts money in the bank; Herbert Hoover calls Prohibition a noble experiment, and the American Chemical Society suggests poison gas to close speakeasies; an assistant United States attorney estimates there are 20,000 blind tigers in Manhattan alone, and a bartender thirteen years old goes to jail; a bootleggers' price war in Idaho cuts whiskey costs to \$8.00 a gallon, and the Paradis Club of Washington, D. C., is padlocked for serving ginger ale; night clubs in Democratic New York are raided, and wide-open saloons in Republican Philadelphia remain wide open; the Glass Bottle Blowers' Association reports more whiskey glasses are being made than ever before, and a gangster collecting tithes from liquor sellers is arrested for "impersonating an officer."

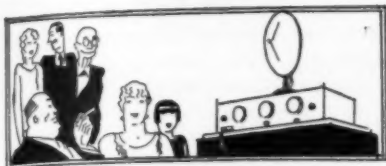
W. W. Scott.

FIFTEEN MINUTES' REST

HE: May I have this dance?

SHE (an ex-marathon dancer): Let's sleep this one out.

THE RADIO



Television (In Case You're Interested)

WHEN the sacred duty of reporting on radio for LIFE was intrusted to me, I made a solemn vow always to look on the beautiful and romantic side of broadcasting and never to annoy anyone with the sordid and indecent technicalities of the business. I resolved that such words as "hook-up" and "grid trouble" and "frequency" should not sully my lips—or rather my typewriter.

Now here I am smack up against Television and once more a Victorian inhibition will have to be swept away by the march of progress. Because you can't talk about television without getting technical; so far, it is nothing but a heap of mechanics. At present, it is in the state that radio was in along about 1908, or

motion pictures in 1895; but that doesn't mean that we shall have to wait twenty or thirty years before ship launchings and monument unveilings can be seen in our own homes. No, things move faster these days and I know optimists who are looking forward to seeing this fall's football games right in their own living-rooms, without risking life and limb on the Boston Post Road.

There are three separate phases in the development of television. The first is sending photographs by radio. This is being done every day and is mere child's play. Try and do it. The second is transmitting motion pictures by radio, Heaven help us! The third is televising actual events. And that's the thing that makes sport magnates, movie kings and theater owners tremble in their little boots.

Until a few weeks ago it was impossible to send anything but highly illuminated scenes over the radio because the photo-electric cell, which is to light waves what the microphone is to sound waves, demands intense illumination. If you know anything about photography, you will see why when you realize that the photo-electric cell—the eye of the contrivance—is only exposed to the scene for one fifty-thousandth of a second. Thus it



"Yes, sir, I started out with my first message forty-six years ago."

"And how many more years do you figure before you'll finally deliver it?"

was impossible to televise any scene in natural sunlight or any scene with human actors—except for very short flashes—because of the intensity of the illumination.

The Bell Telephone Company has a new system of television whereby it is possible to transmit scenes taken in ordinary sunlight. The necessary light at the receiving end is furnished by a series of amplifying tubes.

Are you still with me, or have you gone home?

Another present defect of television is being rapidly overcome. So far television has only been able to show stationary or slow-moving objects without blurring the picture. Also it has only been able to show its scene on a small screen two inches square. Most of the machines in this country are limited to a capacity of 40,000 light impulses a second, which is just as though a motion picture were projected at less than half the normal rate of speed.

Professor Karolus of Berlin has brought the speed up to 80,000 light impulses a second and thinks it is possible to speed up his mechanism even more. To transmit a four inch square picture would require 160,000 impulses. The Herr Professor is now able to project his visions on a three and one-half inch screen.

We are getting along, but if I were you I'd put in my application for those football tickets now, just in case.

I wish I'd never got into this. I wish I had decided to write about the Night in Paris Hour. But as long as I have gone this far, I am going right ahead with C.



"Forget the regulations! I want the biggest tennis court in the country."



GUEST: Aha! I see your library is in the original French.
 HOST: Well, I'll be damned!

Francis Jenkins and his radio motion pictures. I like the story of Mr. Jenkins and his inventions. It is a Greek drama.

Mr. Jenkins was one of the inventors of the motion picture projector. For his part in perfecting the machine he received a measly \$2,500. All these years he has been waiting for his revenge. He has been working nights to try to find something that would give the movies a sock in the eye. And now he's hit it. Mr. Jenkins has demonstrated radio movies in his

home in Washington, D. C. As "Bugs" Baer once said, the big problem of the future will be how to keep covered wagons out of the dining-room.

Incidentally, all the contrivances necessary for constructing a television receiving set are now on the market. What you will receive after the set is all made, I do not know. But I cheerfully recommend this new form of indoor sport to anyone who wants either to become famous or go insane.

Agnes Smith.

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

A COMPANY of young college men said to me recently, "After learning how strongly mental and moral character is inherited we boys now unconsciously learn about the families of the girls we meet."

—Albert E. Wiggam.

A man's underwear symbolizes his view of himself.—George Jean Nathan.

If a man could read and know one hundred books, properly chosen, he would have an education.—Arthur Brisbane.

Any war in history could have been stopped if, at the psychological moment, somebody had pulled a good joke.

—Bruce Barton.

I have no personal friends.

—Leon Trotsky.

Wholesome necking is to be encouraged.

—John B. Watson.

If a person is torturing a child or robbing a man or insulting a woman all in the name of God, then his idea of God is wrong.—Dr. Frank Crane.

Practically all the beautiful smiles in the world belong to homely women.

—Heywood Brown.

I am not interested in what a man produces so long as he produces something.

—George Matthew Adams.

Just a Couple of Sport Writers

"HELLO, Joe. Understand you had lunch with Babe Ruth."

"Yeah. The Big Bambino and I dined together."

"How is the King of Swat today?"

"Oh, George Herman Ruth seemed all right."

"You know the Patriarch of the Pill Pastors very long?"

"Yeah. The Sultan of Sock and I are old friends."

"Well, tell the mighty Mogul of Maul hello for me the next time you see him."

"Sure. I'll remember you to the Colossus of Clout."

C. J.

UTTER EXHAUSTION

PATSY: How many times were you kissed last night?

PEGGY: I don't know. I got so tired I could hardly keep my eyes closed.

A Scorch aviator looped-the-loop and dropped his pocketbook but he reached the ground first.



MRS. PEP'S DIARY

July
30

WAKENED with a wonderment as to where I was, which was in a room at the Nelson House in Poughkeepsie, where we stopped last night on our travels, and the Bible placed on my bedtable by the Gideons was so attractive in format that I fell a-reading it, and felt great virtue in not carrying it off, since it was not chained, as usual. Up and did on my green etamine and off again by motor, feeling a strange and unreasonable, but wifely, resentment against Sam if we did strike a bit of rough going or come upon a road worker with a red flag, and I do surely wish that Jane Bausman would found her projected Society for the Reconstruction of the Detour Before Work Is Begun on the Main Road. Suddenly opening my bag, I did discover missing from it the diamond and platinum brooch which I had pinned firmly to its lining with a safety clasp, and my distress thereat was so great that I was at some pains to compose myself, nor was my state of mind helped, neither, by Sam's reiterating that I had probably left it in New York, when the punctures which it had made in the silk were before his very eyes, as a very pretty and kind Miss Catherine Van Steenburgh pointed out when we stopped in Red Hook to telephone back to Poughkeepsie. So we were forced to proceed with nothing gained on my loss save the reporting of it, and it was cold comfort to reflect that finders are usually keepers.

My irritation also increased by Sam's pointing out this and that along the way and remarking on the beauty of the weather, until I could have slapped him, as I could all motoring companions who thus take for granted that there is something wrong with my five senses. Coming to a refreshment stand, the pleasant woman in charge of it cheered me somewhat by telling me that her husband was an Indian and that she knew a patent nostrum which would cure my malady, etc., but I do wish she had not included the news that she was going to modernize for commercial purposes the fine old house, aged 156, which stood before me. So on, coming finally to Cooperstown after I had abandoned all hope of ever reaching it, and there was a great company already gathered for dinner so that I must needs emulate a fire horse in changing my raiment. Sate between Granger Gaither and Mr. Thomas Hastings, the great architect, and G. said that were he sufficiently funded to make his Alma Mater a handsome present, he would pass up chapel organs, sun dials and chairs in English History, giving instead an ideal barroom, and Mr. Hastings thought it might be fun to design such a place, so we fell to discussing details, and I suggested Lazy Susans for the free lunch, and Granger a telephone that answered all calls automatically, "He's not here!" After dinner by horse-carts up a high hill, and to the tower's top for coffee and liqueurs under the stars, and Mistress Hastings so diverted me that I nearly fell over the battlements from laughter, a calamity which would at least have put me out of my many current miseries. Home and to bed, reading in a book called "The Cheerful Cherub," a collection of quatrains which is exactly



ORCHESTRA LEADER: I want you to come in on that trill softly—tenderly—like a sweet little bird call.

the thing to find on one's night table, the two I liked best being:

"God made the star-hung skies for us,
And singing trees and hills and lakes.
Of course he made mosquitoes, too—
But everybody makes mistakes."

And:

"Be kind to all dumb animals
And give small birds a crumb.
Be kind to human beings, too—
They're sometimes pretty dumb,"

and when I had finished, I did have the misfortune to break my spectacles, thereby spoiling my morrow's plan of lifting up mine eyes unto the hills, of which there are such splendid specimens in this vicinity. But at least when I have the lenses reset, I can take the precaution of ordering them in rose color.

Baird Leonard.

Dictionary of Modern Domesticity

Father: A moron who would have had a lot of money to leave you, if he had only had half your brains.

Companionate Marriage: One that lasts as long as you can agree on the tint of the bathroom tiling.

Home: The place you have to go when the padlock squad has been busy.

Love: A word sometimes occurring in songs and in the titles of movies.

Mother: A distant relative, whose memory is kept alive by florists.

Family: The people you try to live on.

Divorce: Exasperating red tape.

Children: What immigrants have.

WITH the farm leaders and the novelists and the business men going over to Al Smith, soon Hoover will have nothing left but the voters.



THE CULPRIT WHO MOVES OUT OF A HOUSE AND LEAVES A LOT OF OLD SAFETY RAZOR BLADES



THE POLITICAL FRONT

The Gentleman from New Hampshire



IF I were Herbert Hoover, I should lie awake nights worrying about George Higgins Moses. This amiable gentleman from New Hampshire is altogether too bright to hold a position of great prominence in a campaign for the Presidency. He has the quality, which he shares with Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, of blurting out horrid truths in the form of epigrams bound to be repeated. Mrs. Longworth's apothegms on politics and personalities are seldom reported, but Mr. Moses' always are; he makes them for that purpose. As manager of Mr. Hoover's Eastern campaign, he is apt at any mo-

ment to say something that will hurt Mr. Hoover's chances. It is not that Mr. Moses is indiscreet; he just has a quaint way of phrasing his comments and judgments, and no control over his sharp and telling wit.

The Republican candidate has far less to suffer from Dr. Hubert Work's stupidity than from Mr. Moses' brilliance. Chairman Work has more or less been muzzled, but nobody will muzzle Mr. Moses. When Dr. Work says something silly, which is practically always, nobody pays much attention, for it is generally understood that this ambitious physician-in-politics is not clever. The New York press, on the other hand, is ready to report Senator Moses' slightest comment in heavy type. His animadversions on the Democrats are caustic enough, but it is his fleeting comments on the Republican situation that really hurt. For example, he caused acute distress to some of his

party colleagues when he characterized the theory that Mr. Hoover would smash the Solid South as so much "bunk."

Such admissions are not made in politics, but Mr. Moses makes them. In his exhilaration he is capable of inventing a wisecrack that will resound through the country. His insatiable exhibitionism, his appetite for applause, expose him to the peril of being far too "smart." The man who, when Minister to Greece, harangued the Athenian populace in their native tongue will not confine his campaign activities to issuing platitudes on a mimeograph.

* * *

THE GENTLEMAN from New Hampshire enjoys an important place in the United States Senate, but hitherto he has not attracted much public attention. Temperamentally he is as much an obstructionist as Jim Reed of Missouri or Borah of Idaho. His satire is not so sharp as the former's, nor his debating capacities so sustained and intelligent as the latter's. Were he more industrious and less witty, Mr. Moses might become one of the commanding figures in our Upper House. He is reveling in his new prominence in politics and savoring his grandiloquent titles to the full.



If Mr. Hoover is elected, Senator Moses will emerge with great prestige, for he was one of the first—the very first in New England—to construe the President's English as final and to indorse Mr. Hoover for the nomination. He was an efficient Chairman at Kansas City and hoped to be named for Vice-President, for he is an expert diner-out and doesn't mind opening conventions or closing corner-stones.

* * *

MR. MOSES can make one valuable contribution to Mr. Hoover's campaign and that is an atmosphere of vitality. The Hoover canvass tends to become too much an affair of set speeches, of solemn and carefully prepared pronouncements. The Hoover technique is that of a druggist weighing the elements of a prescription.

What is needed just now is a freer and less constrained manner on Mr. Hoover's part. He still acts as if he were afraid of his shadow; his sentences sound as if a dozen drafts had been written and the definitive phrase finally memorized. Some of his sentiments seem more formulae than convictions. Mr. Hoover should cul-



The Hoover will sweep the country in 1928. It's in the bag! Only the Hoover is fitted with the famous SILENT motor, developed after eight years of research at the Mellon Institute; only the Hoover has been tested in actual use by our Government down in Washington. The powerful Hoover removes the dirt by DRY CLEANING. Fully guaranteed to run for four years without oiling, or will be replaced.

Get in line with the Hoover and clean up.



THE RUNAWAYS

"Gee, it's getting dark. Maybe we'd better go back for our tooth-brushes."

tivate spontaneity—that priceless stock in trade which Theodore Roosevelt had but which Woodrow Wilson could never develop. He should carefully avoid over-use of the convenient word "constructive," which, if used without specifications, is as much jargon in politics as it is in business.

Henry Suydam.

The Man I Love

"Why, hello, Ed! Howsa boy? Gee, I'm glad to see you. Where you been all these years? Why dontcha ever give a fellow a buzz an' let him hear from you? Lemme look you over. Say, Ed, you're gettin' old! You old sonuvagun—you're gettin' bald!! (Hearty laughter.) That's rich! That's a kick. To think o' you gettin' bald. You're gettin' fat, too. Just a coupla years more, big boy, an' you'll have to carry that bay window o' yours around in a wheelbarrow. (Hearty laughter.) How's the missus? How's the kids? That boy o' yours must be shavin' by now. Let's see—you been married twelve years now, or is it thirteen? I'll say time flies, don't it, Ed? It won't be long now before they have us old guys in the wheel chairs. Ain't it the truth, Ed? Let's see. I'm thirty-eight an' you must be four or five years older'n me. But, thank Pete, I ain't got any bald spot yet. As long as a man keeps a good head o' hair, he don't begin to show his age—I always say. Why dontcha rub some olive oil and turpentine into your hair every night? That'll start the old grass growin'. And you oughta begin comin' up

to the club and playin' handball. You'd feel a lot better if you'd get rid of a coupla tons o' that blubber you're packin' around. (Hearty laughter.) Well, old timer, I'm glad I ran into you. Let's get together one o' these days an' tie some knots in the car tracks or somethin'. If any o' your kids get married, invite me to the weddin'. (Hearty laughter.) So long, Ed. Don't take no Canadian labels."

Robert Lord.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE evidently doesn't believe that love conquers Al.



"Hey, there isn't room for both of us here!"

The Whole System's Wrong

"REGISTERED for the election yet?"

"No, I haven't found time, Bill. It's an awful lot of bother, Bill, having to chase down to the City Hall every two years."

"Yeah. It is a kind of nuisance."

"The whole system's wrong, Bill. You have to go down and stand in line for five minutes to register, and then on Election Day you line up again at the polls. It's too much trouble, Bill."

"Yeah. They seem to make it as hard for the voters as they can."

"A fella simply can't find time for it all, Bill. Usually you're too rushed to vote before work, and in the afternoon you're too tired to hunt up a voting place."

"Yeah. That's right. Well, now, Charley: what about the morning?"

"I'll set the alarm for three, Bill, and as soon as I get up I'll phone you. We'll chase right out to the course and sign up. If we stay right there we ought to be able to tee off in three or four hours."

"Sure we had. And if we have to wait until eleven or twelve, we can get in eighteen holes before dark."

Chet Johnson.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

FIRST MONK (at Hospice of St. Bernard): Brother, one of the dogs just brought in an exhausted wayfarer, who would have perished among the icy Alps.

SECOND MONK: Ho, hum—the same old story! Now if a man should rescue a dog, that would be news.



THE THEATRE

They're Off!

THERE may be things about Mr. Earl Carroll's revues that you do not like, but he has always been one of the few producers who know where to go for plenty of comedy. Of course, there may also be things about his comedy that you do not like, but it is there, nevertheless, and somewhere in its abundance you ought to find a little sunshine, unless you are just an old crachity.

From certain complaints that have been filed by members of the audience on the opening night of Mr. Carroll's new "Vanities," we gather that we got to laughing pretty loudly ourself. But that is a way we have when W. C. Fields is up there. We have been doing it ever since he used to play pool in pantomime, years ago in his juggling days, and we don't see any way of stopping it at this late date. And if people don't like the way we laugh they can leave the theater. We won't.

ASBESTOS

IN addition to Mr. Fields (pardon us while we laugh again) there is that natural comic, Mr. Joe Frisco, who has practically cured himself of stuttering without the slightest injury to his humor and who gives an imitation of Helen Morgan riding her piano which could go as it stands right into the "Grand Street Follies." The famous pyrotechnic cigar is also in good working order, as are the twinkling toes.

There didn't seem to be quite enough of the Dooleys, although Miss Ray was there as the uneasy child and Gordon as an occasional man with a beard. Probably what we really wanted was to have Miss Dooley and Mr. Fields come on in an automobile, accompanied by Fannie Brice and the mysterious little man in a long linen duster. If we were ever to see that hallowed sight again we should probably swoon. The human system can stand just so much ecstasy.

This will perhaps give you some idea of why we got to laughing at the "Vanities." The reasons why we didn't get more excited about some of the other features

are less easy to enumerate. Mr. Carroll has evidently spent a great deal of money on his production, but perhaps he doesn't know how to shop as well as Mr. Ziegfeld or Mr. White. Aside from one highly effective Machinery Ballet which opens the second act (don't miss it by hanging around smoking too long on the sidewalk), the effects are of the Christmas tree school and designed to impress the infant eye. One curtain actually came down with fireworks shooting out from it, probably the last word in *décor*; at any rate it should be.



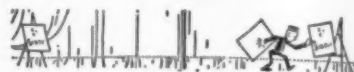
THERE are few tunes in the score of the "Vanities" which will give you much bother during the fall, although Richard Bold does very well with what he has and Miss Lillian Roth, another graduate of the Texas Guinan Finishing School, puts quite a lot of something into the numbers allotted to her. The young ladies of the ensemble have been chosen with a clear and steady eye and their featured leader, Dorothy ("The Most Beautiful Girl in the World") Knapp has this year extended her activities to placing *both* hands on her hips instead of only one, and, on another occasion, breaking into one or two of the less intricate steps of a tango. In the big scene, showing a cabin on the SS. "Paris," she decorates a bed so effectively that one would be a fool to spend any time walking around on deck. There were no beds like that on the "Paris" last February.

And, speaking of beds, several of the sketches have a distinct physical note to them; in fact, there are one or two cadenzas. But who cares? It's only make-believe, anyway.



A CERTAIN academic touch is given the proceedings at the close by the introduction of a series of college songs sung by young ladies who seem to be peeking through a movie-screen on which are being thrown scenes typical of the colleges

themselves. Thus, while "Harvardiana" is being sung, a pretty shot of the confetti battle on Class Day is shown; for Yale there is a scene of some sort of revelry or other to the tune of what the program calls "Bula, Bula"; Princeton seems to be rowing in the picture thrown on to the "Canon Song March," and the big finale is allotted to the Navy with a song the title of which Mr. Carroll understood to be "Anchor's Weight." Having Harvard sympathies ourself, we are proud to note that the most applause from a typical "Vanities" first-night audience was for Princeton.



THESE random notes on the "Vanities" should not be taken as derogatory, for it is a generally satisfactory show, especially in the laughter department, and, aside from one or two raw moments, something that you can sit very comfortably through.

The other plays which we promised to review this week have undergone those changes in schedule which always follow an advance notice in this department. "Elmer Gantry" was postponed, owing to a slight disagreement between the author, Mr. Kearny, and the owner of the Playhouse, Mr. Brady, over who should write the play. It will be reviewed next week, as we so often say. The other drama, "Trapped," decided not to come to New York at all and has opened in Chicago. As a substitute something called "Guns" opened at Wallack's, but as it was billed as "a snappy story of gangdom" and our seats were not on the aisle, we haven't seen it yet. We understand that there is a great deal of artillery work involved in its production; so until we can get seats from which we can duck at a moment's notice, we doubt very much if we do see it. We're no fool, to go and get shot at.



THIS isn't a very good beginning for our new policy of seeing everything and saying everything. But what can you do when the shows don't open as they say they are going to, or when a pleasant show like the "Vanities" comes along, or when you don't get aisle seats? Maybe next week would be a better week to begin, anyway. It ought to be lots cooler by then.

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 26.



ALONG THE MAIN STEM



DEAR PAL WILLARD:

I suppose you have a letch to know what your favorite author looks like. I refer to the very odd McIntyre, who probably scrivens stuff about the Great

Whoopie Way for one of the rags in your town. Don't tell me you've never heard of him because I understand he pens paragraphs about New York for a mess of newspapers all over the world. Frankly, I don't know Mr. McIntyre personally. I've seen him around, however, and it would be a waste of time to kid him because he twits himself; that is, he keeps gagging his makeup and his wearing apparel.

The only time he made me laugh right out loud, Willard, was when I caught him at an opening night in his bib and tucker. He was all prettied up in his dress suit with the swallow tails and everything, and right then and there I was convinced that he came from Plattsburg, which is in Missouri some place. He has plenty of white hair and his cheeks are sunken, which probably came from listening to people who told him stuff that he had used before.

But I like his column and his code. He appears to be a regular guy, which is all that really matters, anyway. The only time I foam at the mouth is when he takes us New Yorkers across his good knee and gives us a piece of his mind. You know what I mean, Willard. We are all alike. All of us ask for a candid criticism about ourselves and when we get it we squawk our heads off. But McIntyre seems just as sensitive. Right now he is hammering away at Franklin P. Adams, who also columns in New York, because Adams yipped at him for using "like" as a conjunction. Adams is incessantly kidding writers about their grammar, but Oscar, which is McIntyre's front tag, is the only one who ever pouted out loud in the paper about it. He argued that Shakespeare used "like" as a conjunction and then sat back relieved.

I do know this about McIntyre, at any



COWBOY (just in from the range): Yip, yip, yip, whoopee!!

EASTERN TOURIST: Gracious, aren't these natives quick at picking up the latest thing on Broadway!

rate. I know that he has been peddling chatter about New York for a dozen years or more and is earning about \$1500 every week from his syndicated stuff alone. He writes for more magazines than anyone I know of and his other achievement is his beautiful wife, who is always with him. Yet he will tell you that he can remember when he used to cut his own hair because the breaks were not so good and that his struggle for recognition was tougher than Tom Hee-heeney's jaw. It is only in the last year or so that



he "made" the town he has been writing about. It appears that he could never convince the Gotham editors of the value of such a department. In the meantime an army of upstarts landed jobs on the Metropolitan rags doing the same thing, and the Hearst papers had to go to their strongest competitor, the McNaught Syndicate, to hire him, because the Broadway and New York stuff had become a vogue.

And he is the only columnist with a monument already erected for him. The home in which he was born in Plattsburg still stands and the Chamber of Commerce has tacked up a tablet calling attention to the fact, which must give him a bigger kick than Tex Rickard put up about the radio ruining his gate receipts.

There isn't much else stirring. "Angela Mia" is a pretty ditty and for a walloping march ask your phonograph merchant for a record of "We Are the Musketeers,"

from Ziegfeld's "Three Musketeers" show. And for the latest poker slang, "The Dolly Sisters" means a pair of Queens. "Hart, Schaffner and Marx" means three Kings. "Texas Guinan's" is a Full House. "The Shuberts" means a pair of Jacks... and a straight flush is a rush of blood to the head. Oh, yes, and the current Scotch gag concerns the Aberdonian who almost murdered his wife when he caught her rinsing out his shaving brush.

Walter Winchell.

NO INCENTIVE

MRS. TIPPENS: Why doesn't Esther come to our mothers' meetings any more?

MRS. LAMPEN: Oh, didn't you know that she has had a baby?



"Hey, Dad, make it whistle when my train goes around a curve, will yuh?"



"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*

Now that both presidential nominees have admitted that they will accept the honors thrust upon them the campaign is officially opened, and we may have less politics in the papers for a week or so. The customary midsummer lull of a presidential year failed to appear this time because so many people wanted to change sides; and most of them had the shrewdness to realize that they would get more space in the papers by changing sides in July than in September. Whether the Democrats gain or lose by winning some millionaires and intellectuals, and driving some old-time politicians over into the other camp, we may not know till Election Day. The reconstruction of the Democratic party which is going on under our eyes depends chiefly, for the present, on a personality. If Smith wins, the political realignment which he has made will be comparable to Andrew Jackson's.



GIVEN eight years, or even four, to consolidate itself, the Smith bloc would in all likelihood develop a coherent body of doctrine; and for the first time in decades this country would have a major party based on a definite set of opinions about public affairs. A great many people think that is what we need; but the politicians, reasoning from experience, find that parties which try to please everybody and offend nobody by having no opinions at all are more convenient for the politicians, if somewhat less serviceable to the public welfare. And if Smith loses, this bloc is

likely to disintegrate; for whatever the theoretical value of like-mindedness, it is of less practical effect as a cohesive force than the ability to get the offices.

The Republicans have got by far the larger share of the midsummer publicity, perhaps because Al was cooling off in the surf and the rest of the Democrats were out looking for that four million dollars. The Republicans can get their four million without much effort, but even this year the Democrats will in all likelihood have to work for it.

Meanwhile the Democratic National Chairman has commissioned a great economist to find out what ought to be done about farm relief; and citizens who are shocked by such unpolitical behavior had better prepare themselves for more shocks of the same sort, whoever wins. Irreverent persons have been recalling that Mr. Raskob, as an official of General Motors, some time ago commissioned this same economist, Professor Seligman, to inquire into the scientific validity of the installment plan. Since the installment plan was the method by which Mr. Raskob sold automobiles, it was obvious that if that plan proved unsound he would have to retire to the monastery or become a hermit in the Pocono Mountains; so he took a considerable chance. So did the rest of us; for if there should turn out to be anything wrong with the installment plan it would practically be necessary to close up the United States. Professor Seligman, then, had almost the responsibility of a scientist commissioned to inquire whether the world is or is not coming to an end week after next. But happily he discovered that the installment plan is all right, so the sun still rises every morning and we can all breathe easily once more.

On the surface it would seem that Mr. Raskob, having got the right answer once,

trusts his expert to find the right answer once again; but it is not quite so simple as that. In the case of the installment plan the answer was either yes or no; as to whether the farmer needs relief it is a unanimous yes. All parties, great and small, shed a sympathetic tear for the farmer's woes; but they seem to know no more than he does about how to cure them. Mr. Raskob, no doubt with Governor Smith's approval, rightly realized that this was a job for an economist of the first rank. Professor Seligman is as likely as any man in the world to find the right answer; but it remains to be seen whether the farmers, or the politicians who play with the farm vote, will accept what he regards as the right answer, if it fails to square with certain sacred dogmas.



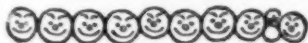
Now this episode is a symptom of the sort of thing that is likely to happen in considerable quantity in the next administration. The machinery of the modern state has become so complicated that the average man cannot express an intelligent opinion about most of its workings. All that can be done is to ask for a report from the experts, and then accept that report or reject it. Both Hoover and Smith have been considerably more receptive of expert opinion than most of our recent executives, national or local; it seems tolerably certain that whichever is elected, the scientists will be called on more often than ever before. But respect for expert opinion cannot be reconciled with the ancient principle that any free-born American citizen is qualified to decide anything and decide it right. You may say that that principle has lost whatever value it may have had in an earlier and simpler day, that it is only superannuated nonsense. But the politicians who live by flattering the voters will not agree with you. The average of political intelligence in New York City is, from all the evidence, no lower than the average of the United States; and New York tolerated for eight years a Mayor, John F. Hylan, who steadfastly maintained that all experts were ignoramuses unless they agreed with him.

Either Hoover or Smith will in all likelihood try to give us a good deal of scientific government; and in all likelihood it will be good for us. But will we accept it? That is one of the questions that is likely to make American history amusing for the next few years.

MEANWHILE, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's campaign against New York night clubs is having a great success from every point of view; especially from that of the Prohibition enforcement bureau's investigators. If Washington dispatches are correct, their expense accounts averaged more than \$125 a night per capita over a period of several months; and there must have been some nights when they had to rest up. True, they charged the Government two or three times the current prices for drinks, but no doubt that can be explained away. The campaign was a blessing to the night clubs, too; for the boys who go to such places say that a good many of them were about to close anyway, with summer coming on, and they can pretty well afford to pay their fines out of the \$70,000 of the taxpayers' money that was left in them by the gatherers of evidence.

Deepest of all is the satisfaction that must be felt by the numerous persons who complain that Prohibition has fomented hypocrisy. For in New York (the most patriotic metropolitan cannot deny it) the business of evading the Volstead Act is still encumbered by a certain degree of ignoble precaution. You cannot get into a speakeasy, it is said, unless you have a card or the man at the door knows you. In Philadelphia, only ninety miles away, it is possible (or was quite lately) to stand on the sidewalk of a busy downtown street and look over the swinging doors at the customers lined up along the bar, just as in the old days before the nation embarked on this great and noble experiment. Mrs. Willebrandt's Avenging Angels could not get around everywhere; so they punished hypocritical New York and left candid Philadelphia pretty much alone.

Of course New York is Al Smith's town and Philadelphia is Bill Vare's town; but it cannot be that that has anything to do with Philadelphia's immunity.



SOME fliers cross the Atlantic, and some furnish entertainment to passengers on liners by getting rescued from the waves. But it was left for the Polish aviators, who flew round and round in circles off the Spanish coast till they had gone far enough to get to New York, to furnish a miniature picture of modern civilization. At last the human race commands enough power to carry itself a long way, if it only knew just where it wanted to go and how to get there.

Elmer Davis.



The Harmony Boys

A Nose for News

"Q. When a young woman traveling alone is invited by a man whom she knows to lunch with him in the diner, may she accept the invitation with propriety?"

—"Good Manners" query in
New York Graphic.

No. With alacrity.

"Kenneth Harlan, Film Actor, Said to Have Been Seen With Wife."

—Portland Oregonian.

"Bur," added Mr. Dana, "when a film actor is seen with his wife, that's news!"

"Whether his connection is the natural outgrowth of being a party to the alleged crimes for which he stands indicted, or whether he was instructed by officials of the society he represented for so many years to become a party to the crimes that intimate information concerning the operations of groups that are believed to be

exact large sums of money from keepers of liquor, vice and gambling houses for protection purposes, is the issue that will in all probability be determined shortly when an attempt is made to implicate him closely as part of the ring."

—Boston Herald.

SIMILE: As clear as a political issue.

"The Misses Doris, Agnes and Vivian Smith are spending several days at the home of their mother, Mrs. W. W. Lawrence. This is the first time in years that the community has had the pleasure of seeing the Smith girls in the altogether at one time."

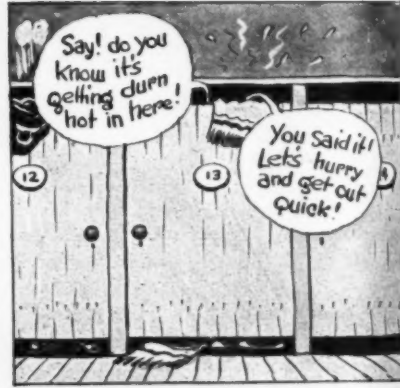
—Sidney (Ohio) Daily News.

AND very becoming it is, too.

"Confections will be furnished to those who are non-smokers and refreshments of a more substantial nature to those who smoke, others who do not as well as to those who do both."

—Ravenswood (Ill.) Citizen.

WELL, we guess we'll go anyhow.



Two Men in a Locker



"YOU CAN'T LOSE"—*Except Maybe in the Last Race*

This is all about how to pick five winners in six races every day, a consummation devoutly to be wished by everyone who is interested in what—for no apparent reason—is called "improving the breed" of galloping equines.

As each auto swings out of the gate after the finish of the last race at Saratoga, for instance, a number of men and boys posted at that point drop printed leaflets into the passing cars. These leaflets vary in color, typography and authorship, but they are remarkably similar in one important detail. They bear public and practically unimpeachable evidence that "Long Shot Sweeny" or "Wendell the Turf Wizard," as the case may be, has picked five winners for his lucky "subscribers" that very day. The leaflets may run something like this:

"TODAY! TODAY! DON'T MISS THE KILLING! Our subscribers are warned to get down early. First Race: Mugwump. Our clockers know this nag can't miss. Second Race: TODAY'S Special, FLYING WHEELBARROW. Sure to be a long shot. Third Race: EXTRA SPECIAL, LIMBURGER II.

Go strong to this one. Fourth Race: THREE STAR EXTRA SPECIAL, FIRST MORTGAGE. This one is home already. Fifth Race: TODAY'S THREE STAR EXTRA SPECIAL GUARANTEED WINNER (Don't pass this tip. For our subscribers only), MELTED BUTTER. The softest thing yet. Don't slip up on this. Sixth Race: Caterwumpus. Worth a bet if track conditions and odds are right."

These are the principal points of interest, but there are other little items to the effect that the leaflets are for sale every morning at 11 A.M. for the price of \$2; weekly subscriptions \$5, and why gamble? Why not invest with Long Shot Sweeny or Wendell the Turf Wizard?

Looking down at his program, the racegoer will discover that, sure enough, these astounding soothsayers have picked five winners in a row and for the price of \$2 and a starting bet of a fiver, a "subscriber" of that morning should be riding away from the track a winner by something like \$13,450 or maybe more. What philanthropists! Giving all that information away for \$2, prepaid! Why

didn't they keep it to themselves and buy the whole of South America for a winter home?

The most remarkable exhibition of all, however, was the day at Saratoga when one of these leaflets "For Sale at 11 A.M." named a winner that was a last-minute post entry in a race that started at 3:45 P.M. This exhibition was never repeated because it had almost fatal consequences. Thousands of regular railbirds nearly laughed themselves to death.

There was a chap who, lured by the indisputable evidence, invested \$2 in one of these valuable leaflets at 11 A.M., played the selections that afternoon for all he was worth and thus ended all his financial worries. At the end of the day he had nothing to worry about. Not a cent. As he left the track he stared at a leaflet that was shoved in his hand. It looked like the leaflet he had purchased at 11 A.M. It was by the same illustrious author. But all the selections were different except in the last race, and that horse happened to be the only one that lost.

Woe, woe, unutterable woe! The disillusioned one learned that the leaflets sold



HIS DAILY DOZIN'

at 11 A. M. didn't read at all like the leaflets distributed as the crowd filtered away from the track. He even learned that all those remarkable selections were "picked" after the different races had been run, were struck off on a press within a few blocks of the track, and were rushed to the gate in time to meet the departing throng. That was why the leaflets rarely named the winner of the last race. That one had to be picked before the race was run.

On learning these melancholy facts, the guileless individual renounced his intention of making his fortune at the racetrack and started on an extended walking tour toward his home, sweet home. That was two weeks ago. At the rate he was going, he should be almost there now.

John Kieran.

"Pay a Little More"

When the new car arrives:

"Well, I'm satisfied. It's a peach of a job, I think. Rides like a top. What I say is, pay a little more and get what you want. It's the only way."

When the first body squeak makes itself heard:

"Oh, they all squeak. There isn't a body in the world that won't squeak."

When the first engine knock comes:

"Say, you've no idea how much abuse a car gets on these awful streets around here. Talk about holes—they're valleys, that's what they are. It's a wonder an engine doesn't go to pieces the first hundred miles, I'm telling you."

When the front wheels develop a shimmy:

"Aha, my wife has had this car out again."

When the ignition system goes bad:

"You've got to expect things like that. An automobile is a sensitive piece of machinery."

When the rear system falls out:

"That's a fine how-de-do. I'm telling you, if I drove this car myself all the time, this couldn't happen in a month of Sundays. Way I look at it, the way that



"Can you beat it, Agnes? There's no mirror in my locker."

son of mine drives, I'm surprised the car can even be towed in."

When Elmer Feemster, a neighbor whose income is only \$2,500 per annum, buys a car of the same make:

"Say, I certainly did take a rooking on this junk-wagon. They saw me coming, all right. It's a cheap pile of iron, that's all it is. I'm going to trade it in for whatever they give me and invest in a real car. What I say is, pay a little more and get what you want. It's the only way."

Tupper Greenwald.

The Wise Guys

"THIS Tunney retiring is just another trick to get Dempsey and Tunney together again."

"Yeah—now Dempsey'll come out and lace a couple of ham-and-egggers and claim the crown again and then Tunney'll come back from Europe and challenge him and Rickard'll have to charge a hundred a seat to keep the public away."

"The public are all a bunch of saps—they'll fall for anything in the papers."

"Yeah—but just the same, I'd like to see those two together again."

"Yeah—the next time Dempsey meets Tunney it'll be a real fight." H. L.



"Smuggled?! Well, you've got a nerve! I bought that right on Broadway."



NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Indiana

MEREDITH NICHOLSON, author o' "Cavalier o' Tennessee," an' lots other novels, wuz one o' th' big bugs at th' Literary Field Day exercises at Culver Military Academy, on Lake Maxinkuckee. He wuz lookin' fine.

***Mr. George Ade is summerin' at his home, Hazelden Farm, in th' Benton county, Indianny, roastin' ear belt. He is lookin' fine.

***Mr. Booth Tarkington, who needs no introduction, is gittin' out his work at his summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine, and lookin' fine.

***Mr. Jonathan Brooks, author o' "High Ground," an' others, is lookin' fine, but still in Indynoplus.

***We are glad t' note that all Indianny authors are lookin' fine, all havin' had ever'thing accepted up t' date.

✱ I'll be glad when summer's gone. So many folks smell like hot lead pencil erasers.

***Four cases o' Sandy McDonald wuz seized by Sheriff Art Smiley th' first o' th' week, an' Art invited a committee o' prominent citizens, Rev. Wiley Tanger, Judge Pusey, Dr. Mopps, an' Tell Binkley, tornado insurance, t' watch him destroy it, but after a very careful examination o' th' labels it wuz declared t' be genuine.

***Jake Bentley, dyed in th' mustache Democrat, has come out flatfooted fer Hoover. He says if somethin' hain't done purty soon t' keep th' middle west from starvin' Hoover'll be jest th' man fer th' place.

Abe Martin.

Pittsburgh

FRED SANDERS, the sunburned roadhouse man, is praying for a late winter and we hope he gets it. Thanks for that season pass, Fred.

✱ Andrew W. Mellon, of Forbes Street, is summering in the Old Country, despite or because of those debts.

***Ann Harding, the acting lady who is Harry Bannister's wife, recently departed

from one of our finest maternity hospitals with twelve pounds of (bouncing) boy or girl. If we were the proud parent we wouldn't let Mr. Hoover kiss the young man or young woman, as the case may be, if he did want to.

***Speaking of Herbert, it looks like a lot of the citizens are voting in the *Sun-Telegraph's* presidential straw vote with their tongues hanging out.

William Pfarr.

San Francisco

QUITE a number of folks of the G. O. P. Republican party went down to Palo Alto, Calif., for the blow-out which was given Herb Hoover, where he learned something to his advantage. Herb responded in the same happy vein with an impromptu speech on which he had been working for two months.

***A new innovation has been started here this summer in the hiring of guest conductors. The Symphony Orchestra tried it first and now the idea has been taken up by the Market Street Railway.

***The Standard Oil Company's aerial beacon on Mt. Diablo is finding considerable favor with local moths.

✱ Pete Kyne and Stew White report a good time was had at the Bohemian Grove doings this year. Mischa Elman was there, too, as were others, also.

***Miss Mary Martin of here and Wilson McCarthy, of Gotham, got themselves married recently, completely disproving the "East is East and West is West, etc.," theory.

***We do not like to be too critical but it seems to us the hot dog men at the beach aren't putting on as much mustard as they used to.

Chet Johnson.

Denver

POLO seems to have taken the place of ping pong for the summer months at the Polo Club, Christopher Cusack and Larry Phipps, with their horses, being among those participating.

***William MacLeod Raine, 150 Race

Street, is thinking some of writing his next novel on a Western theme.

***Plastering is two weeks ahead of schedule in the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. P. Hagner Holme on Forest Parkway, now under construction.

✱ Billy Berger has an orchid growing in his back yard and Harold Kountze of the same prominent firm of bankers has had his brakes relined and front end re-bushed.

***Our amiable colleague George Lewis has had some of his articles on public utilities accepted by the *Congressional Record*. Nice going, George!

***Edward Ring, he having won his fight to get people to say *Coloradan* instead of *Coloradoan*, is backing the water ouzel for state bird. Henry Van Schaack is leading the meadow lark faction, with Will Grant, as usual, on the left wing.

***An easy and economical use to which to put old horseshoes is to give them to Mr. Charles S. Sidle, who plays horseshoes behind his beautiful house on Humboldt Street with friends.

***Looking back in historical retrospect, we believe that our fellow neighbor Huston Thompson would have got more votes for president at Houston if he hadn't dropped the "Sam" off of his name and also the "o" in Houston, which is offensive to the Solid South.

***This is a bad year for butcher boys delivering goods after hours.

T. H. Ferril.

St. Paul

SEVERAL of the hot-blooded young sports hereabouts are all out of breath from training their pet turtles for the big tortoise race at the State Wild Life Conference at Belle Lake.

***Wedding bells are to peal soon for Bernard Hilton, son of Cliff Hilton, our popular Associate Justice of the State Supreme Court. Bernie picked an out-of-town girl, the same being Miss Winifred Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn.

***Carl Herbert dropped in the other day to pay up his subscription and inform

us that crops in his vicinity are very etaoinshrdlu-etaoin.

***At the current writing the home town polo team has been outplaying its hated Mill City rivals in nearly every chukker. C. H. Seims, E. W. Berg, L. D. Berry, Jack Allen and Tom Collins have been doing most of the playing.

Lucien Parlin.

Boston

LOCAL Democrats are now kicking because Al Smith plates are not standard equipment on Chevrolets, Buicks and Cadillacs.

***Mr. and Mrs. George E. Harrington of Willimantic, Conn., were recent visitors to town. At a sociable attended by several Annapolis midshipmen, George was asked if he knew "Anchors Aweigh." George replied, "Do I know Angus Who?" A jolly time was had by all, after that.

***There's a \$5 fine for spitting on our sidewalks, but the nullificationists seem to be holding sway.

✂ Harold F. Wheeler, managing editor of the *Traveler*, is spending a vacation at Banff, Vancouver, and other points wet.

***The steamship "Leviathan" recently ran up to our South Boston drydock to have the barnacles scraped off her hull. Boston is the beauty parlor for the queens of the sea.

***An admirer recently presented your correspondent with a bottle of toilet water containing oil of juniper, glycerine and other ingredients.

***The G. O. P. opponents for the Governorship are Frank Allen and Frank Goodwin. We know you'll get it, Frank.

***Whooping cough is rather prevalent hereabouts and many kids are making whoopee.

Neal O'Hara.

Philadelphia

MR. BILL TILDEN, popular member of our younger set, has been absent from his home in Germantown. Rumor hath it Bill has been in France doing some literary work, which, ye scribe is informed, was readily accepted by certain discriminating editors, and attracted a veritable furore of attention.

***Our city fathers and the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company have come to terms over the operation of the new Broad Street subway, which is a marvel of modern engineering. Now if they'll

only start the trains to running, ye strap-hangers will be grateful.

***Many are planning to go to Morris River Cove September 1, that being the first day of our oyster season, albeit the last day of the season for many a hapless oyster.

***The town is growing by leaps and bounds, the new Fidelity-Philadelphia Trust Building, which graces Broad Street at Walnut, being now open for business. This handsome edifice is thirty stories high, as many a stiff neck will attest. Visitors just can't get used to our progress. Keep up the good work, Fid.-Phil., is our wish.

John Forbes.

Detroit

JEFF WEBB, our genial impresario, was transacting important business at the golf-ball store Monday.

***Natural gas was struck at our neighboring village of Plymouth last week. We are informed that Gerrit Dickema and Horatio Abbott, the rival state chairmen, are going there soon to see whether it is Republican or Democratic.

***Johnny Risko and Johnny Squires, said to be pugilists, embraced each other lovingly for a half hour or so at Navin Field recently. Two spectators got into a fight but the Johnnys parted them and there was no blood spilled.

✂ Prof. Fred N. Scott, who taught everybody "unity, coherence and emphasis" at the U. of M., is vacationing in Colorado and proving again that he can write more words on a postcard than any other man of his age and weight.

***Everyone will be pleased to know our neighbor, Eugene Gregory, has secured a patent on his finger-tip pencil at Washington, D. C. Gene has worked hard for this success and deserves every bit of it.

***The banks here announce that the new paper money "will reach the public gradually," but as some of those out of work hope, not too darned gradually.

Elmer C. Adams.

Chicago

AMONG those who are fortnighting with us at present is Jackie Coogan, who, it is said, has brought up one of the most well-to-do fathers in Hollywood.

✂ Sunburn lotion is still a popular seller at the drug store.

***Lydia E. Pinkham has had her picture in the paper several times recently

but at this writing we have been unable to ascertain whom she is visiting.

***Practically everybody who is anybody is out of town these days, ye ed being at home as usual.

***A horse and buggy was seen driving down Ashland Ave. near 47th St. last wk. We did not ascertain the driver's name but it was probably just some publicity hound trying to break into NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS so we will not even mention the incident here.

Asia Kagowan.

Spokane

THE ROADS west of here are in good shape now, and a person can drive to Seattle in comfort if he can think of any good reason for doing so.

***Tom Griffith has moved his office to the Interstate Fair grounds, which, he says, are bigger and better than ever before. Tom is still trying to find the fiend in human form who prayed for rain during the fair last year, and got a cloudburst.

✂ Send in your original and obituary poetry. We charge only the regular advt. rates for printing same.

***Dr. Clarence Veasey, Jr., is building a spacious house for self and wife, and Win Chandler, who is quite a wag, says it should ought to be named Tonsil Towers.

***Friends of Henry Hart, our efficient high school principal and unreconstructed Democrat, are telling it on him that he is going to have the life of Al Smith taught at Lewis and Clark High this fall, instead of the life of Geo. Washington. How about this, Henry?

***The new traffic rules are working as well as any traffic rules work, we guess.

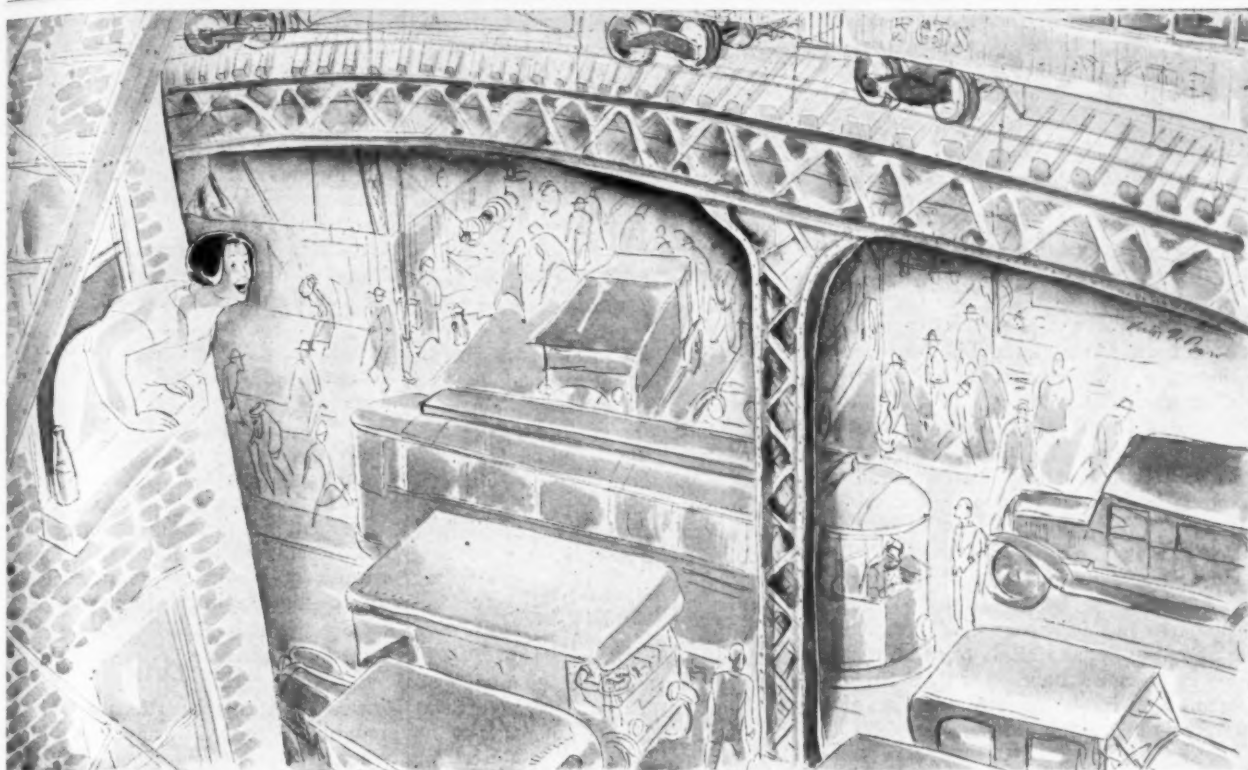
Stoddard King.

Newport

AMONG the many entering into the carnival spirit of the fancy dress ball at the Clambake Club was Mrs. Cleo O'Donnell who went as a character from "Three Weeks," carrying a stuffed leopard and Larry Tower as a Swami.

***Our popular telephone operator Maybelle Hitt, who was crowned "Miss Newport Beach" by last year's Atlantic City queen of beauty, has become Mrs. Woyce. Never mind, Maybelle, you will always be a Hitt just the same!

***Johnny West who was among those on board the "Nina" which won the Queen Isabella Cup in the recent Ocean



"Jun—ior!"

Race to Santander, Spain, writes home to his folks that when the Queen and her husband, the King, came on board the "Nina" they acted just like any other married couple.

***The new social register, which is a pleasing looking volume of red with the Old Stone Mill on the cover, is having a considerable sale among those with their names in it, who are legion. Even folks in Jamestown and Narragansett Pier are included way over in the back.

***The girls of the summer colony have now started leaving off their stockings as well as almost everything else except their lipstick.

***It costs nothing to get your name here and is well worth it.—*Adv.*

Lloyd Mayer.

New York

ART TRAIN is up at Bar Harbor in ye old Pine Tree state.

***Anthony Adams of near Lyons Plains, Conn., is going in for pedestrianism.

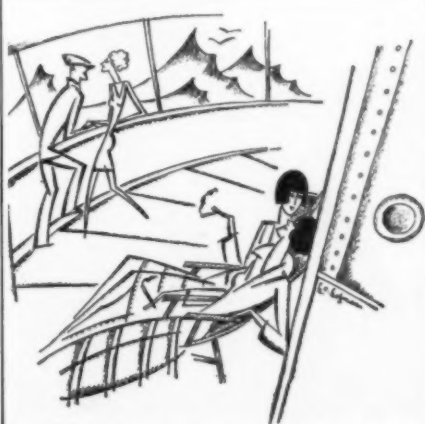
***The only cinch election bet we know is that our next Gov. won't be an improvement on A. E. Smith.

***Tex Rickard of here says the radio hurts fight attendance, so he is against

broadcasting. We are no radio fan either. The best thing about the radio, say we, is Agnes Smith's remarks in re same.

***Henry Canby and Henry Noble MacCracken are at their place at Yelping Hill, Conn. A visitor who thought the place was named on account of the noise the children made in the daytime says at night it ought to be called Sleepy Holler.

✶ William Lindsey White is running the *Emporia Gazette* in his father's ab-



"Oh, I know gentlemen prefer blondes, but I'd rather get married."

sence, and he runs it pretty much in his presence, too.

***It is almost impossible to open a window on the New Haven road's smokers, especially on the 7:54 from Bridgeport. "It takes a pair of jacks to open," was the comment of Henry Souvaine, the First Wit of Southport, early last Monday A. M.

***The town is filling up with out-of-town buyers and our bonifaces report business as good.

***We are opposed to having a world's fair here in 1932, though meaning no disrespect to the Father of His Country. But if we had a fair it would close up some more streets during construction and tear up others and things are bad enough that way already. *F. P. A.*

CHOOSY

"I THOUGHT sure Jim would marry one of the twins."

"No, he said if he couldn't have an exclusive model he wouldn't have any."

A NIGHT club waiter once added up a column of figures and got a sum that was less than the correct total. He was computing his golf score.



THE SILENT DRAMA

"The Mysterious Lady"

IN practically all the pictures assigned to the exquisite Greta Garbo, she has been so inexcusably wicked that she could expiate her numerous errors only in death; at the final fade-out of each film, she had to disappear through a hole in the ice, or cast herself before the Warsaw-Bronx Express, by way of reminding the Girl Scouts of America just what the wages of sin is.

In "The Mysterious Lady," however, she is allowed to live, and even to find happiness—and if anyone ever deserved life and pleasure, and plenty of them, that same individual is none other than Greta Garbo. She is the dream princess of eternity—the knockout of the ages.

MISS GARBO'S rôle in "The Mysterious Lady" is not exactly what you would call a virtuous one. She is a Russian spy, and you know what sacrifices must be made

by beautiful spies when they are compelled, in the line of duty, to get those papers.

Miss Garbo does it all, and does it gorgeously, and for once in her none too even career she is supported by an excellent cast (including Conrad Nagel and Gustav von Seyffertitz), and directed with imagination and sense by Fred Niblo.

I recommend "The Mysterious Lady" highly, even to those who don't feel about Greta Garbo quite as I do.

"The Perfect Crime"

AFTER the melodrama, "The Perfect Crime," had been completed as a good old-fashioned silent film, someone had to go and invent a device known as "the talking picture." So the producers of "The Perfect Crime" decided it was incumbent to add to their negative an accompaniment of dialogue and noise.

They have done so, and furthermore,

would you believe it, they have done so extremely well. While there are certain moments in "The Perfect Crime" wherein the sight and sound don't pull together in complete harmony, the effect of an interesting melodrama is heightened considerably by the added appeal to the ear.

As played by Clive Brook, as constructed by William Le Baron, and as directed by Bert Glennon, "The Perfect Crime" is the best experiment with talking pictures that has been made to date.

INCIDENTALLY, "The Perfect Crime" does not make use of the old established Vitaphone or Movietone, but employs a new contrivance known as the Photophone, which is backed by the Radio Corporation of America, the General Electric, and various other imposing concerns.

The entrance of these enormous industrial corporations into the movie business is cause, be it said, for considerable discussion—but not in this limited space.

"Lilac Time"

THE FACT that this department is violently prejudiced is proved by any review I may write of a Greta Garbo picture (I used to be just as bad about Jackie Coogan); it is also proved, I regret to say, by any review I may write of a Colleen Moore picture.

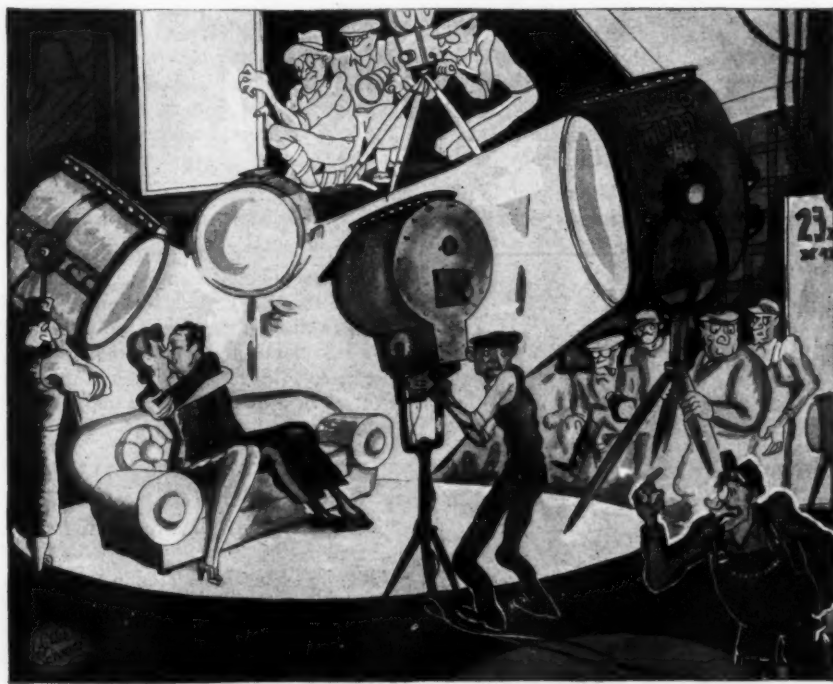
I know that Miss Moore is the most popular, or almost the most popular, of all the screen heroines. I have read columns and columns of journalistic tributes to her wistful charm, her capricious humor, and her disarming wholesomeness. I have even gone so far as to make a determined effort to discern these qualities on my own account—and I have always ended up with the thought that, probably, I'm wrong.

So I won't say much of anything about "Lilac Time," a charming play which has been converted into an obvious and none too thrilling rehash of all the previous epics of the Great War. Miss Moore is in it, and she performs all the tricks that have made her famous and beloved.

IN one scene in "Lilac Time," Miss Moore (as a fresh little French girl) climbs into her lover's plane on a flying field behind the British lines. While fiddling with the controls, she starts the plane racing about the field, with the handsome boys of the Royal Air Force chasing madly after it.

In the course of this hilarious comedy scene, Miss Moore inadvertently gets her hands on the machine guns, and starts squirting bullets at her surprised pursuers.

Now I am perfectly free to admit my



STUDIO ELECTRICIAN: Hey, boys, would you mind shifting the light over here for a moment? I lost my pliers.



JINKS: My wife played bridge last night.
BINKS: Sorry, old man, I haven't got a cent.

prejudice in this and all other matters, and to confess that my judgment is warped and therefore unreliable in the case of Colleen Moore. But there is one thing I shall never admit—viz., that a machine gun can ever be funny.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments, a confidential guide to current moving pictures, will be found on page 26.

Correction

AMERICANS, I've heard it said,
Think only of the dollars;
While Chinamen go in, instead,
For being weighty scholars.

This fallacy is too immense!
It isn't even funny.
Americans have all the cents,
And Chinks the yen for money.

Carroll Carroll.

Herb and Al

HOOVER: Congratulations, Al. I thought for a while I wasn't going to have such a worthy opponent against me.

SMITH: Same to you, Herb. I don't know of anybody I'd rather be up against than yourself. We'll have a clean, mudless campaign.

HOOVER: We certainly will! But, by the way, Al, I can't help wishing you'd put a muzzle on this man Reed. He's always calling me Sir 'Erbert 'Oover.

SMITH: Now listen, Herb—I'm not responsible for what Jim Reed says. In fact, I regret that he is taking the campaign down off a high plane. And while I think of it, what about this guy William Allen White? He's changed his mind enough times to be a woman, and he



"Oh, Henry! I don't think I wanna go down!"

doesn't believe in forgetting the past either! He'll bear watching.

HOOVER: White's statements are absolutely unofficial, Al. If he wants to get nasty, I can't stop him. We can't always control what your supporters say—you know that, Al.

SMITH: Sure, Herb. It's all right with me as long as you and I don't get into any arguments.

HOOVER: An argument between us two? Why, that would be impossible. You and I agree on everything, don't we?

SMITH: We certainly do. In fact, Herb, I thought for a while you were going to be a Democrat.

HOOVER: No, Al—I decided I'd rather be President.

Hugh Layne.

REVERSIBLE

"But don't these billboards you're putting up obscure the view of the forest?"

"They would, but you see, we're cutting down the forests to make more billboards."

SIREN STUFF

MRS. BROWN: So your husband was lost at sea?

MRS. GREEN: Yes, a bathing beauty got him.



GRANDMOTHER: And what are you thinking about now, my dear?

GRANDDAUGHTER: I was just wondering—how long it's been—since grandmothers were allowed—to smoke.



"Henry, that makes me think; we must get a new floor lamp in Paris."

PAGING EMILY

At the large débutante parties of today, one of the most embarrassing questions of social precedence is who shall pass out first.

The Modern Vamp According to Popular Songs

SHE'S a scandalous vamp—a love makin' champ—Oh, what that baby can do.... She's the most heartbreakin'est, shimmy shakin'est that the world ever knew. She's a gal that's nobody's fool, got a kiss like the kick of a mule.... It's a new kind of kiss, full of bliss, couldn't miss—with a new kind of hug like a bug in a rug.... She's a new kind of girl with a new kind of love—just see—a new kind of this and a new kind of that—oh, gee—when you kiss her she cries for more, and she sure knows what she's cryin' for.... Though leather is tough her heart is tougher—she's the kind of a gal likes to see men suffer—to tease 'em, to thrill 'em, to torture, to kill 'em, is her delight, they say—someone saw her at the seashore with a great big pan, there she was a-pourin' water on a drowning man. She's a knockout, she's regal, her beauty's illegal—a look at this vision will cause a collision.... She's got the kind of lovin' that holds 'em—big black eyes and she rolls 'em—hot lips, that are pips, and no more conscience than a snake has hips.... She's got a pretty form and she shows it—she's sure some gal and she knows it—what pep—does she step?—

that's what she don't do nothin' else excep'.... And when she struts her feathers and plumes, the porters drop their mops and their brooms—why, old man Jones, who is crippled and bent, just sold his crutches to pay her rent.... She's never tired, never shot, never cold, always hot—why, she knows more than you've forgot.... She's just that red-hot mamma of mi-hine, I said of mine.

Vincent Clark Odell.

Not Exactly Guilty

I MET a guy in Athens, Greece,
Another in Taormina,
The first one knew my cousin's niece,
The second knew Aunt Lena;
I met a chap atop the Alps
Who'd worked for Uncle Saul—
They all thought it killing and started in
shrilling,

"The world's a small place after all!"

My great-aunt's stepson's college chum
I met in Guatemala;
In Spain I met a sap named Blum
I'd known in Walla Walla;
I met a chap on London Bridge
Who told me in a drawl,
"Believe it or no, sir, my brother's your
grocer—
The world's a small place after all!"

I'm wanted for assault in Greece
(You ought to see my billing!);
I'm fleeing, too, the Swiss police,
This time I'm sought for killing....
I'll bet that if I'm caught in Spain,
Or nabbed along Pall Mall,
The cop will say, "Matey, I know your
Aunt Katie—
The world's a small place after all!"

Howard S. Benedict.

First Night

"I NEVER miss an opening performance."
"Nor I. The first night is always the best."

"Sure! It's the only time the stars do their best because they know all the critics are out front."

"Yes—and they say that a great actor only creates a great part once, and after that he only goes through the motions."

"Yeah—the first night is the only time you really get your money's worth."

"You're right. What did your seat set you back?"

"Oh, I'm a friend of the guy who's press-agenting this show. I got in on a pass."

"So did I."

H. L.



JOE HUMPHRIES ANNOUNCES A CHAMPION'S ENGAGEMENT

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children



IT'S A GOOD STORY—

DON'T believe those people who tell you that New York is a gorgeous summer resort.

They are speaking from the depths of cool porcelain bathtubs, or from the airy roof gardens that top the big hotels and clubs, or they are just enjoying the sound of their own voices as they recline in luxury, imbibing long iced drinks before motoring down to the shore or up along the river for dinner at some restful inn.

It's a good story—but it isn't true, except to the lucky rich.

If you were to tell some little tenement girl to stop fretting about the heat and to remember that New York is a mighty fine summer resort, she would lift her tiny white face and look at you with stricken eyes and she would say in her desolate, childish heart that you were mocking her unhappiness.

New York is no summer resort for the children of the slums. It is the city of dreadful nights and of dreadful days, and as heat wave after heat wave tortures and weakens these children, their need becomes a cry that we cannot deaden our ears to.

We can't, any of us, simply say, "My, my, that's too bad. Poor little things. Heaven pity them." We must do something. And that something is very simple—beautifully simple.

If we have hearts at all, we must help send some of these needy and wilted youngsters to the country. We must give them cool breezes, fresh and nourishing food; we must let them sleep out-of-doors and play in the woods and swim in the brook and the pool, and grow strong and rested and happy.

They must have some sort of even break with circumstance, if only for a few days.

So—

LIFE maintains two splendid Camps in the country—one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Connecticut. To these two Camps come the little denizens of the heartbreak streets—as many as we can take—and we only wish we could take more.

Twenty (\$20) dollars keeps one child at either of the Camps for eighteen miraculous days. We beg of you to send us that sum just as quickly as you can.

Midsummer heat in the slums so scourges these helpless little ones, that we long to take your twenty dollars, or your hundred dollars, or your one dollar (which will help a lot), and rush down to some dark, sweltering alley, snatch up in our arms some wretched little creature and say:

"See what someone sent you, Sonny! Stop crying! There—see! It isn't so impossible to smile, is it? Not when there's someone you've never seen who wants you to go to the country to have a marvelous time and to be made plump and joyous!"

We want to say something like that to some youngster *in your name*. Wouldn't you like us to? Wouldn't it make you feel content?

Please let us hear from you about this right away.

All checks should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

L. A. F.

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| Mr. and Mrs. Laurence V. D. Harris, Forest Hills, N. Y. | 25.00 |

(Continued on page 27)



And that's... a Holiday!

WHY not take a real holiday for once in a way? You can see the most wonderful scenery in the world on the St. Lawrence and Saguenay Rivers—shoot the Rapids—play tennis—go boating and swimming—fish for big 'uns that fight—golf at Murray Bay on superb links—ride and tramp—or simply do nothing at all.



How does that appeal to you? Don't go somewhere and then find that the tennis is not so good or the golf indifferent.

Take a Canadian holiday where everything is really good, and the trip and hotels are the last word in luxury. Get the full information right away.



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535 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
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CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott's*—If you haven't yet seen this performance of Helen Hayes' you had better hurry. The show will be moving on soon.

Diamond Lil. Royale—A melodrama of New York low-life in the 'nineties, dragged along to success by Miss Mae West.

Elmer Gantry. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

Guns. *Wallack's*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Ladder. *Cort*—Who cares?

Porgy. *Republic*—Last weeks of a Negro production which was one of the best of the past season.

The Silent House. *Shubert*—All kinds of things to frighten you, some of which may.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—O'Neill's *tour de force* which presents one or two fine hours out of five.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *Sam H. Harris*—One of the regiment of companies now at work giving this excellent melodrama to the country.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—Harmlessly jocose treatment of the problem of illegitimacy, with a cast headed by June Walker, C. Aubrey Smith and Geoffrey Kerr.

The Big Pond. *Bijou*—To be reviewed later.

The Front Page. *Times Square*—To be reviewed next week.

He Understood Women. *Belmont*—To be reviewed later.

Relations. *Masque*—To be reviewed later.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—They have got to be awfully good to push this comedy out of first place, held since last season.

Skidding. *Bayes*—One of the less important events in dramatic history.

The Song Writer. *Forty-Eighth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

Volpone. *Guild*—It will seem good to have the Theatre Guild beginning its new season in a month or so.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Liberty*—The best Negro show we have ever seen—and that includes "Shuffle Along."

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—William Gaxton as the Mark Twain hero with a modern line of gags. The Rodgers score is still pleasant to the ear in spite of its popularity.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Collegiate kidding in between whirlwind dancing.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—Short on follies, but long on talent.

Present Arms. *Mansfield*—Another of the Hart-Rodgers-Field opera, this time involving the marines in songs and dancing, headed by Charles King and Joyce Barbour.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—With that Prince of Comedies—Joe Cook.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—One of the Ziegfeld trilogy, fortunate in having Jack Donahue for clowning and a West Point uniform small enough for Marilyn Miller.

Scandals of 1928. *Apollo*—One of Mr. White's best, with a big cast of big names such as Harry Richmond, Frances Williams, the Howards, Tom Patricola and Ann Pennington.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—Mr. Ziegfeld will have to spend a lot of money this season to top this one. You probably know by now that the cast includes Charles

Wininger, Helen Morgan, Puck and White and Norma Terris.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—Dennis King as the fresh hero of Dumas, with plenty of good romantic musical comedy stuff.

Vanities of 1928. *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

White Shadows in the South Seas. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Beautiful and truthful pictures of native life in the South Seas, with an admixture of Hollywood melodrama, enacted (and effectively) by Monte Blue and Raquel Torres. Much of the film is spoiled by foolish attempts at sound synchronization.

Lost in the Arctic. *Fox*—The graphic record of an expedition into the Arctic, which also is hampered by the addition of artificial noise.

Beau Broadway. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Lew Cody as a broad hunter from Broadway who inherits the custody of a sweet young girl (Sue Carol). It isn't much, one way or another.

Warming Up. *Paramount*—Another phony "sound" picture, in which Richard Dix helps the Yankees to win the World Series.

Forbidden Hours. *Metro-Goldwyn*—An attempt to follow up "The Student Prince" by showing what Ramón Novarro did after he became king—and a very sad attempt, at that.

Lights of New York. *Warner Bros.*—If you want to see what a real talking picture is like, here's your chance. It's extremely ham, but it's well worth seeing and hearing.

Telling the World. *Metro-Goldwyn*—William Haines has been given every opportunity to become stale, but for some reason he continues to seem fresh.

The Lion and the Mouse. *Warner Bros.*—This one is only partially talking, but the speeches in it that are delivered by Lionel Barrymore seal the doom of the silent drama.

Wheel of Chance. *First National*—A really fine performance by Richard Barthelmess in one of two roles, with a good story to back him up.

The Cossacks. *Metro-Goldwyn*—John Gilbert does not appear to best advantage in this Russian cowboy melodrama.

The Street of Sin. *Paramount*—Most people consider this stupid, but I found it intensely interesting, especially as played by Emil Jannings and others.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh. *Metro-Goldwyn*—What the world needs most is a clown with a cast-iron, non-breakable heart.

Fazil. *Fox*—Charles Farrell as a Sheik, and Greta Nissen as a blonde who, in a moment of weakness, marries him. Just plain silly.

The Drag Net. *Paramount*—A sturdy crook melodrama, produced along the same lines as "Underworld," and by the same people.

Ramona. *United Artists*—Beautiful but dull.

Hit of the Show. *F. B. O.*—Joe E. Brown is excellent in a trite story about a comedian who gives his all.

The Actress. *Metro-Goldwyn*—A sweet, sentimental and pleasantly old-fashioned comedy, with Norma Shearer and some pretty costumes.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Almost an epic.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—There is still considerable doubt as to Eliza's ability to cross that ice.

The Racket. *Paramount*; **Tempest.** *United Artists*; **The Man Who Laughs.** *Universal*; **The End of St. Petersburg.** *Hammerstein*; **Sunrise.** *Fox*, and **Wings.** *Paramount*—You should see all of these.

Lilac Time. *First National*; **The Perfect Crime.** *F. B. O.*, and **The Mysterious Lady.** *Metro-Goldwyn*—Reviewed on page 22 of this issue.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

Adventures of an African Slaver. Edited by Malcolm Cowley. *Albert & Charles Boni*—Theodore Canot, Slaver, recounts his adventures as a trader in black ivory. Illustrated with peculiarly African drawings by that talented Mexican, Miguel Covadubias.

The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism. By George Bernard Shaw. *Brentano's*—We wish the publishers would send us another copy, as ours has disappeared, and it is not a good book to be without.

Fiction

Diversey. By MacKinlay Kantor. *Coward-McCann*—The story of a small-town reporter who seeks his fortune in Chicago, and becomes embroiled in a gang war, and a love affair, is vigorous and realistic in the manner of Dos Passos and Riesenberg, but somehow fails to do for Chicago what "Manhattan Transfer" and "East Side, West Side" did for New York.

Phoenix. By Alan Sims. *Little, Brown*—A strange, charming narrative of those glorious days before the war (the Trojan War) when gods and mortals were more intimate with one another.

Show Girl. By J. P. McEvoy. *Simon & Schuster*—This tabloid tale of the Main Stem is to be a musical show, a movie, and, for all we know, a song on the radio; but nowhere will it have the raucous exuberance and cheerful satire which make it so perfectly swell as a book.

Swan Song. By John Galsworthy. *Scribner's*—The sudden passing of *Soames* marks the end of the *Forrests*. What will England do without them?

Jerome; or, The Latitude of Love. By Maurice Bedel. *Viking*—The investigations of a young Frenchman in Norway into the effect of temperature on sex make racy, amusing reading.

Twelve Men. By Theodore Dreiser. *Modern Library*—Some excellent characterization makes these short sketches ideal for odd-moment reading.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. By James Joyce. *Modern Library*—Another reprint worth carrying around. The *Modern Library* editions fit the pocket nicely, though they do smell a little this hot weather.

And Also

The Battle of the Horizons. By Sylvia Thompson. **The Window.** By Alice Grant Rosman. **Pilgrims of the Impossible.** By Coningsby Dawson. **Quiet Cities.** By Joseph Hergesheimer. **Houdini: His Life Story.** By Harold Kello. **Sunset Gun.** By Dorothy Parker. **But Gentlemen Please Brunettes.** By Anita Loos. **The Virgin Mary.** By Harford Powel, Jr. **Bad Girl.** By Vina Delmar.

Perry Githens.

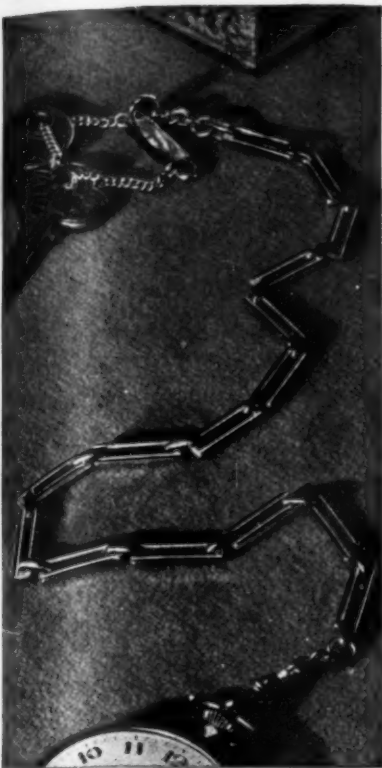
Song and Dance

Sheet Music

Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time.—Another of the series of cinematic theme songs. L. Wolfe Gilbert, the lyricist of "Ramona," contrived this sympathetic waltz ballad for Colleen Moore's "Lilac Time."

My Angel.—Yclept "Angela Mia," still another sentimental picture theme ballad, this by Erno Rapee and Lew Pollack, who fashioned "Diane" and "Charmaine," those ultra-lucrative royalty gals who figured

(Continued on page 31)



When was your watch-chain new?

WATCH-CHAINS change as much as watches in design. If the chain you are wearing now was bought several years ago, it probably is out-of-date and old-fashioned looking. . . . A new chain costs very little. Why not get one today?

Simmons Chains offer a range of choice that appeals to men of all ages, in every walk of life. They are priced from \$4 to \$15. Made of seamless gold-filled wire, manufactured under our own patents in our own factory, they may be obtained in natural, green or white gold. . . . The chain shown here is a Waldemar, No. 29770. Price, \$9.75. Ask your jeweler to show you his assortment. **R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.**

Attach to the end of your chain a **Simmons Key Holder**—convenient for house and auto key. Illustrated above.



LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 25)

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(Continued on page 30)



A night club for tired smokers

THIS is a night club for tired smokers, who smoke hard all day. The only requirements are a tooth-brush, a tube of Squibb's Dental Cream, and you. Just go through the usual formula for brushing your teeth—except—use Squibb's. Notice the difference. Feel how all the muggy after-taste of smoking gives up before the fresh cleanliness of Squibb's.

Squibb's Dental Cream is the smoker's friendliest ally. It livens your taste, sweetens the breath, brings you protection at The Danger Line, soothes, too, if there's a bit of irritation. Start the morning with Squibb's Dental Cream. Wind up your smoking day the same way. 40c at all druggists.

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Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"Begging on the streets again! Didn't I tell you you'd do better to go to a school?"

"Yes, sir; I went, but they wouldn't give me nothing."

—EXCELSIOR (MEXICO CITY).



"What are you doing reducing exercises for? You're not fat."

"No, but my boy has bought a baby model car."

—EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY (LONDON).

WHEN IS AN AMATEUR?

FIRST ATHLETE: Are you an amateur or a professional?

SECOND DITTO: That is what I would like to know.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"Man with elephant for outdoor advertising work."—The World.

OUR ideal outdoor advertising man is a man with restraint, not elephants.—New Yorker.

CONVALESCENT

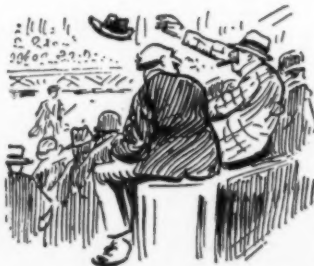
OUR little Doris, after a month's illness, seems to be getting a little better. In a typical moment yesterday she called us twelve cents' worth of bad names, at four cents a name, threw a glass of water at her sister, played the reed organ with a hammer and climbed under a bed to make faces at her mother.

"Just what do you think you are?" we asked.

"I'm a skunk," she announced with an air of pride.—Chicago Evening Post.

BERNARD: But why won't you marry me? Is there someone else?

BETTY: Well—er—I hope so.—Answers.



"Hey—instead of throwing my hat to the toréador, you might throw him your own!"

"Impossible—mine's a new one."

—L'ILLUSTRATION (PARIS).

THE DIALECTICIAN AND THE TALKIE

A MYTHICAL story of a movie "supervisor" on a talking picture is that, while looking at and listening to the rushes, he exclaimed:

"Retake on that!"

"Why?" said the director. "There's nothing wrong there."

"Yes, there is," replied the super. "I couldn't hear the final 'k' in 'swimming.'"—Variety.



"That's Mrs. Warrior's third husband, isn't it?"

"Yes. She's two down and one to go."

—SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS (LONDON).

THE INSTALLMENT AGE

"JOSEPH, if your father could save a dollar a week for four weeks, what would he then have?"

"A phonograph, a new suit, a refrigerator and a set of furniture."—Country Gentleman.



The Poor Working Man

"There, sir, you see it ain't just vacation time for everybody."

—LE PETIT BLEU (PARIS).

WELL! WELL!

THERE was once a wealthy business man who was wooed and won by a chorus girl. But on the eve of the wedding he told her that he had lost most of his money on the Stock Exchange. "There is just enough left," he sighed, "to take a small house in the suburbs—that is, if you still want to marry me."

"What does money matter," said the chorus girl, "while we have each other?"

So they got married.

But on the day after the wedding she found out that he really had lost his money.

—London Calling.

SCOTCH STORIES ARE GOING OUT BUT—
This particular Scot stepped into a telegraph office and picked up one of the blanks. He looked at the clerk behind the counter.

"How much," he asked, "is a telegram to Chicago?"

"A wire to Chicago," responded the clerk promptly, "will cost you five cents a word for ten words. There will be no charge for the signature."

The Scot looked musingly at the clerk. "There will be no charge for the signature?" he repeated after a pause.

"That's right," said the clerk.

The Scot rubbed his forehead with the pencil. "Well," he finally stated, "suppose you just send my signature."

The clerk grinned. "All right," he cried, "I'll do that for you. What's your name?"

Another pause on the part of the Scot.

"Well," he finally murmured, "I may not look it, but I'm an Indian. And my name is I-Won't-Be-Home-Till-Friday!"

—New York Daily News.

SO SOON?

"Carl Brandt returned from his honeymoon trip, leaving Mrs. Brandt at Niagara Falls, and reports he feels sappy."—Circleville (Ohio) Herald.

CERTAINLY he does not sound like the ideal husband.—New Yorker.



THE DIVER: Just my luck to meet them during business hours.

—LONDON CALLING.

MODERN clothing, we are assured, is nothing if not sensible, and, it seems to us, even if it is sensible.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN
In most of the success stories which I've read there is a catch. In the beginning the hero is a clerk receiving \$8 a week and sleeping under the counter. Just how he managed to save money puzzles me, but the big surprise comes at the end of the first year when the ambitious lad pays \$6,000 for the business and takes it over.

Quite typical was the tale told to me by an operator in oil who is now just stiff with money. He told me of his trials with dry wells and how he sank his last available penny.

"But was I downhearted or discouraged?" he inquired.

I observed mildly that in a similar situation I should have been decidedly depressed.

"I wasn't," said the financial genius. "I gritted my teeth and borrowed fifty thousand from my brother."

—Heywood Brown, in
New York Evening Telegram.

Tablespoon Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

AT THE SMOKE SHOP

"WHAT kind of a pipe, ma'am?"

"I want it for my husband. One of these nice pipes that drive away every care."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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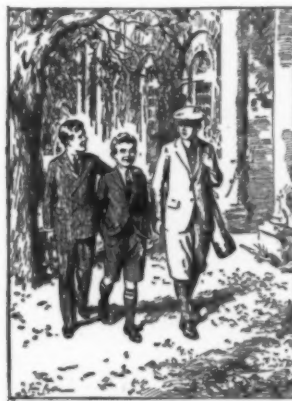
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Carelessness is now
the only excuse for

Dandruff

There was a time when people were excused for having dandruff—but it is no longer tolerated—so many have learned that it can be relieved.

Sergeant's for the Hair relieved dandruff easily. No mussy ointments or elaborate treatment. Simply wet your hair with Sergeant's—and comb your hair with it.



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For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50 year old company.

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"Comb your hair with it"

Sergeant's

For the Hair

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

(Continued from page 27)

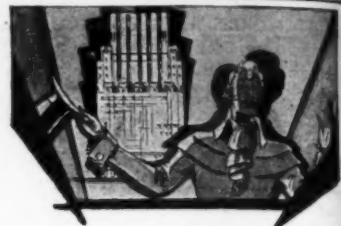
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Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.



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A sonnet by Milt Gross in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

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Harold Bell Wright editing *Whiz Bang*....

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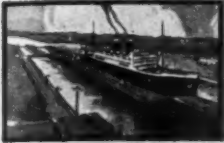
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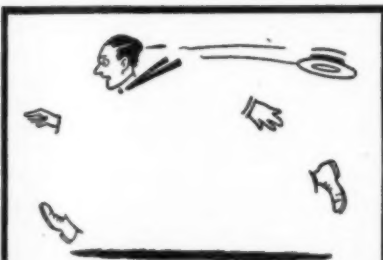
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Confidential Guide

(Continued from page 26)

in "Seventh Heaven" and "The Big Parade." This one, in fox-trot tempo, is coupled with "The Street Angel" feature.

Chalita—By Victor Schertzinger, the motion-picture director who wrote "Marcheta"—for which he received \$50 outright on a song that earned \$150,000 for its publisher. On a more equitable royalty basis, Schertzinger should realize handsomely on this beautiful melody ballad.

Gotta Big Date With a Little Girl—Breezy hot-weather ditty by the most prolific Tin Pan Alley family, the Tobias clan—Harry, Charles and Henry; the latter, twenty-year-old composer, is the youngest established songsmith extant.

Imagination—Roger Wolfe Kahn, Otto's son, who went from riches to rags, fashioned this for "Here's How!" and, like Gershwin's "The Man I Love," which was originally introduced in "Strike Up the Band," this tune is a sturdy survivor of a flop show. A worthwhile fox-trot ballad.

Records

West End Blues and Fireworks—Louis Armstrong's Hot Five, a torrid jazzy quintet, wax low-down with negroid fox-trot compositions. (Okeh 41078.)

Weary Weasel and San—Perennial jazz favorites by Abe Lyman's Sharps and Flats (Brunswick 3964) of the "hot" school of dansapation. Lyman, the California jazz beau, now in "Good News" in Chicago, has blended the West Coast style of smooth syncopation with the heated Chi tempo in a manner the jazz-hounds will acclaim.

Paul Whiteman—This pioneering jazz exponent merits distinction above song titles at all times. On Columbia 1464-5 he has assembled the "Scandals" hits, "Pickin' Cotton" and "American Tune" and "I'm On the Crest of a Wave" and "What D'Ya Say?" are the couplets.

Chiquita and Twelve o'Clock Waltz—Smoothest of smooth waltzes by Victor Arden-Phil Ohman and their Orchestra, with vocal refrains in each. "Chiquita" is a sequel to "Ramona" and similarly patterned. (Victor 21513.)

Just Like a Melody Out of the Sky and Because My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now—Sprightly fox-trots by Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra. Both Walter Donaldson tunes are skillfully orchestrated by the Bernieites. (Brunswick 3953.)

The Man from the South and Pretty Triz—Ultra modernistic jazz transcriptions by Joe Venuti's Blue Four (Okeh 41076), introducing freak indigo modulations and futuristic jazzique.

Abel Green.

Modern Criminology

THE WIZARD feeds and carves and saws
His rats and gophers till he gleans
The knowledge that crime's only cause
Is maladjusted endocrines.

How happy you should be to know
That when some yeggman smacks you
double

It is not crime that prompts the blow
But merely pancreatic trouble.

Or if some low-browed, slinking lad
A knife between your ribs should bury,
Don't mind him, he's not really bad;
It's just a sick pituitary.

Perhaps you've been pumped full of lead
Until the light can through you filter;
No crime was done, although you're dead;
'Twas but a thyroid out of kilter.

And so, whatever be your lot:
By some plug-ugly to be socked or
Maybe throttled, stabbed, or shot,
Don't call a cop, just call a doctor!

Dalnar Devening.

"I just decided it was time to retire," said Gene Tunney, and the Fisk Rubber Company's advertising department emitted whoops of glee.

Let Sir Walter bring peace to your household



YOUR pipe is in right with friend wife the moment she gets that new and milder fragrance of Sir Walter's favorite mixture. A welcome blend of choice, mild tobaccos, kept fresh in a heavy gold foil wrap. Be fair to yourselves, men, and fair to the fair sex. Let Sir Walter make your pipe a pipe of peace.

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| Percy Crosby | The creator of the immortal "Skippy" is coming back to the pages of LIFE. Several covers and cartoons, brimming with Crosby humor and Crosby humanity, are on the way. |
| Robert E. Sherwood | The first intelligent commentator to take any notice of the movies, and still their best pal and severest critic. Sherwood's reviews form a dependable guide to the current films. |
| Elmer Davis | He writes editorials you can read, on subjects you are interested in. He has a reputation for thinking straight, and for saying what he thinks. |
| Will Rogers | Humorist, globe-trotter, interpreter of America to the United States and other foreign nations, he is well qualified to be LIFE's candidate for President on the Bunkless ticket. His campaign speeches appear in LIFE every week. |
| Walter Winchell | The bright boy of Broadway. His weekly letter is a treatise on what's new along the Main Stem. If you want your wisecracks while they're fresh, read Winchell. |
| Henry Suydam | The political observer who knows what he's talking about, who has no ax to grind, and who issues bulletins about The Way Things Are Going which are as enjoyable as they are informative. |
| Baird Leonard | She puts into "Mrs. Pep's Diary" remarks about this and that which husbands and wives all over the country have been trying to say for years. |
| John Kieran | As sports editor of the New York Times, he is in a position to speak with authority on the squared circle, the diamond, the court, track, pool, and gridiron. |
| Agnes Smith | Her witty comments on the radio relieve the feelings of thousands who listen in. |
| And also— | A new series of cuckoo cartoons and verses by Fred Cooper (f.g.c.)...more rhymed reviews by Arthur Guiterman...more cartoons by Gluyas Williams, and caricatures by James Montgomery Flagg...covers by John Held, John LaGatta and Russell Patterson...regular contributions by Kin Hubbard (Abe Martin), Franklin P. Adams (F.P.A.), Ashton Stevens, Ted Robinson, Stoddard King, Elmer C. Adams, Neal O'Hara, Judd Mortimer Lewis, in Neighborhood News...And literally thousands of good jokes and pictures. |
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"Heard the good news? Old Man Duffus finally cleared the water hole."
"Must have surprised the turtles he's bombarded for thirty-one long years!"

"Oh, they were all down in the silt—trying to hatch out the first eight balls he drove. But the old man will probably present us with a new club house. Tickled to death."

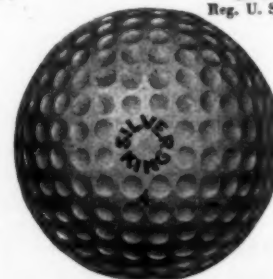
"What got him over—some favoring hurricane?"

"Not at all—the silver King! Doug Smith told the old man he'd have to stop making high land out of our only water hole—lent him a Silver King and my how it worked!"

"How could even a King reform that ancient slice and hook addict?"

"Psychology, my dear boy, is no respecter of ages. Young or old, the so called dub merely tries too hard. And the confidence that comes to every man when he's playing the best ball made gives him more distance, better direction, smaller scores! The King takes one great uncertainty out of this uncertain game. Its use is the best piece of golfing psychology I know!"

Silver King—
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



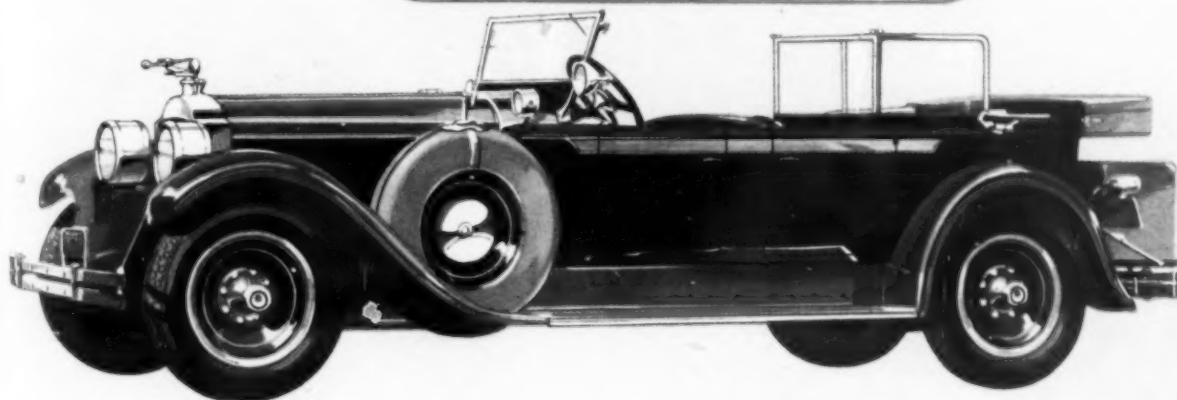
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it looks like a
great automobile

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when you own it
you know it's a
great automobile

and you don't
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a straight eight at the price of a six

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